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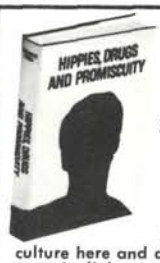

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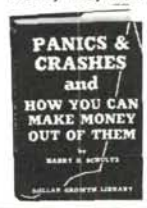

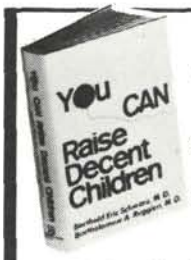

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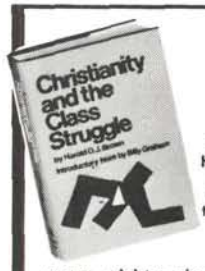

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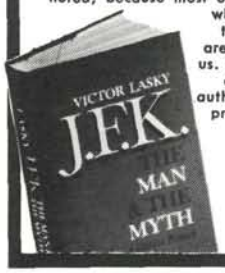

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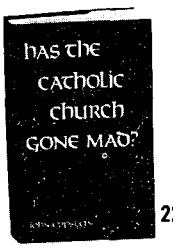

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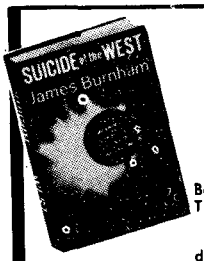

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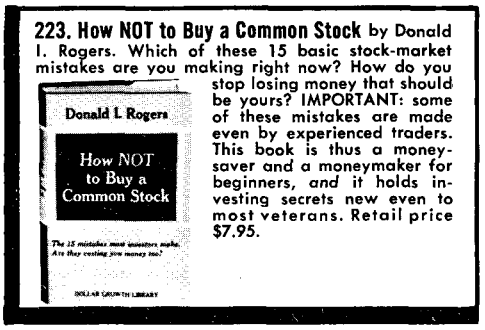

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 30 AUGUST 4, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick**, who covered McGovern-on-the-stump for *NR* last spring, admits: Along with a great many other people, he underestimated George McGovern back then. Now he files a lapidary report, eyewitness, on McGovern and his machine at the Democratic National Convention. Smooth, he found it, very smooth—and a little terrifying, what with King Reform riding high (the Convention "was predicated upon an obsession with an egalitarianism of remarkable lineage, out of Karl Marx by way of IBM"), and The Candidate uttering fuliginous calls to class warfare. . . . Beginning herewith, our "Arts and Manners" section will be graced every issue with the musings, on many different subjects, of **D. Keith Mano**. Of Mano the novelist, Jeffrey Hart said in these pages two years ago: "An imaginative force not only of promise but, already, of dazzling achievement." There have been two more novels since, with another, the sixth, soon to be published. Mr. Mano's assignment is to go about seeking strange and remarkable things. This issue, he remarks the pacification of the GI Joe doll; in our next, he attends a conclave of Jesus Freaks. . . . The surprising agreement of North and South Korea to disagree nonviolently, and perhaps someday get back together, is put in perspective by **Gene Gregory**, an old Asia hand. It all started happening, he says, well before Nixon's Peking turn. —CHS

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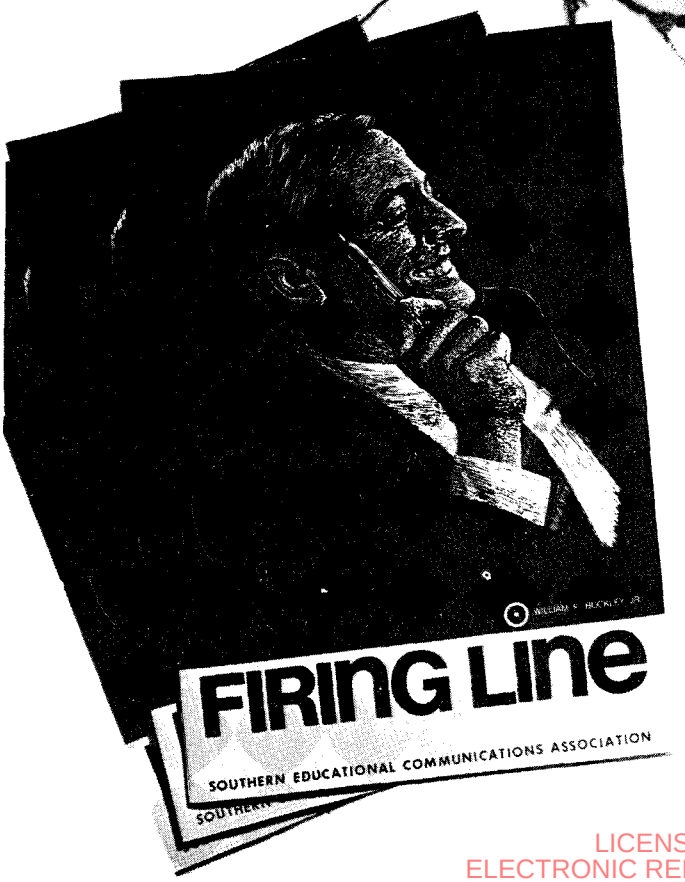

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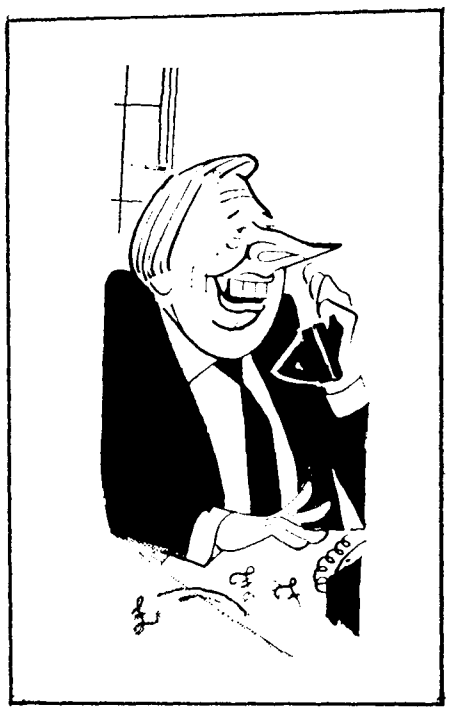
FOR THE RECORD

■ About the **McGovern** nomination. Playing it straight: The Newspaper Guild (33,000 strong) has endorsed the McGovern candidacy—the first presidential endorsement in forty years. In fact, it endorsed him before the Democrats did: The Guild's executive committee was authorized to act on McGovern at a convention a week ahead of Miami Beach. . . . From here and there around the Old Guard: **Frank Rizzo**, Democratic mayor of Philadelphia, says he has a "standing order" for a ticket to Australia if McGovern wins. . . . In Chicago, Alderman **Vito Marzulla** will vote the Republican ticket this fall for the first time in his life. . . . Adlai Stevenson's 1956 campaign chairman, **Goodwin Chase** of Washington, says only a McGovern defeat will save the Democratic Party, so he's going **Nixon** in November. . . . Rep. **Olin Teague** of Texas, Number Three Democrat in the House, says McGovern candidacy may well cost Democrats control of the House next year. . . . "As of now," wrote **Evans** and **Novak** July 16, "many labor leaders would honestly prefer four more years of RMN to eight years of George McGovern." . . . Not such a hot idea: McGovern's chief New York state strategist **Richard Wade** suggests they'll set up a **Republicans for McGovern** committee in the state headed by—ex-Republicans **John Lindsay** and Rep. **Ogden Reid**.

■ Other Convention tidbits: Convention security cost $2 million—about $1,000 per demonstrator. . . . **Jack Valenti**, former **LBJ** aide, writing in *Washington Post*, commented that LBJ's picture was absent (Democratic stars shown included **FDR**, **Truman**, **Stevenson**, **JFK**), summed it up: Lyndon Johnson was "a nonperson [at Miami] expunged from the Democratic Party with the same kind of scouring effectiveness that Marxist revisionists use to rewrite Communist history." . . .



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"And please arrange for my monthly salary to be paid in pesetas."

Funniest sight of the week, **Abbie Hoffman** walking up to Sen. **Vance Hartke**, tape recorder in hand, introducing himself as correspondent of *Popular Mechanics*, interviewing him on what cars he liked. . . . *Washington Post*'s **Sally Quinn** reports at one time in the Fontainebleau lobby "Abbie Hoffman was covering **Pete Hamill** of *New York* magazine who was covering **Teddy White** who was covering the Convention." . . . Commented one oldtime delegate after Taps: The new politics was carried out in smoke-filled rooms just like the old politics—"only the smoke smelled different."

■ On the FemLib front: Bash on Convention floor between **Bella Abzug** and **Shirley MacLaine**: Abzug mad that more South Carolina women weren't seated, MacLaine yelling that what mattered was getting McGovern nominated. . . . Rep. **Fletcher Thompson** (R., Ga.) enraged at **Jane Fonda** urging U.S. airmen to disobey orders over Radio Hanoi, says he will ask Justice Department to take action against her for "treason" and "giving aid and comfort to the enemy." . . . Meanwhile, La Fonda being terribly embarrassed by revelation that she was official "Miss Army Recruiter of 1962." . . . Hawaii sociologist **Dorothy L. Gates** points out that in one field—crime—women's liberation is a liberating thing. "Arrests of women embezzlers have jumped a healthy 203 per cent since 1940."

■ **Kieran O'Doherty**, co-founder of New York's Conservative Party, put it on the line: If Richard Nixon hopes to get the Conservative Party backing on the New York ballot in the fall he's got to pick **Spiro Agnew** as his running-mate. . . . **Jacob Javits** (surprise!) says Agnew should be dropped, suggests **Rocky** or Sen. **Edward Brooke** as alternatives. . . . **Betty Friedan** says the GOP VP can be anyone, so long as he's a her. (Why not a homosexual?) . . . In congressional race of particular interest to conservatives, **Robert Huber**, founder of the Michigan Conservative Party, will be running in Michigan's August 18 primary, as a Republican in the 18th CD (the incumbent, **William Broomfield**, having moved to the 19th CD). . . . Tennessee Democrats hoping **Carter Witt** will be able to edge out incumbent liberal and very doveish Rep. **William Anderson** in primary.

■ Mark up another achievement for **OEO**: When a regional office in New York found it had $60,000 left over that would have to be returned unless spent by July 1, it rounded up 69 teenagers and sent them on a two-month tour of Europe and Africa. A poll by *Long Branch Daily Record* on whether this was right or wrong got four hundred wrongs to one right.

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A STATEMENT BY A GROUP OF SOBER AMERICANS

The present tendency of American politics, under domestic and foreign pressures, is populist and defeatist. The undersigned will vote in November according as each of us then judges the political situation. We are unanimous, however, in affirming the following five positions.

1. The money a man earns is his.
The state has no right to treat it as though it belonged to the state and to dispose of it with sole reference to the state's own priorities.

2. Price and wage controls and confiscatory taxation are an abuse of state power.
Moreover, they do not accomplish the stated objectives.

3. Coercive busing is a denial of individual freedom and of the ideal of democratic government:
Self-rule and judicial autocracy are incompatible.

4. Concerning the security of America, there should be no gambling.
The SALT agreements as they stand are such a gamble.

5. The just interests of the entire non-Communist world depend on American strength and resolution.
As the only great military power in the non-Communist world, the United States is necessarily the axis of world stability and peace.

These positions, general and particular, are historic commitments of the American people. Politicians of both parties, seeking election, will do well not to count on the perpetual bemusement of a free people.

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LETTERS

Angela's Paradox

Thank you for Bernard Levin's trenchant "Angela Davis: Heads She Wins, Tails They Lose" ["The Week," July 7]. Perhaps the implications of Miss Davis' celebrated paradox—for her trial to have been just, there shouldn't have been any trial at all —ought to be brought to the fore.

Miss Davis' pronouncement implies that in order to satisfy her notion of justice: 1) Guilt or innocence ought to be established beforehand, so as to prevent the injustice of trying someone subsequently found innocent; and 2) all those brought to trial ought to be found automatically guilty, since a finding of innocence would ipso facto represent an injustice.

It is not surprising that, on both counts, Miss Davis' peculiar notion of justice is amply satisfied by Soviet legal practice. She is more than welcome to it!

Stanford, Calif. ALPHONSE JUILLAND

Underkill

James Burnham was right on target in his column, "Underkill?" [July 7]. I would like to add some more details to his first point, which was that we could not destroy the Soviet Union with our present nuclear force.

Using, as the definition of "destruction," "severe damage to a wood-frame structure," the total destruction wrought by the entire American strategic nuclear force of missiles comes to a maximum of 235,000 square miles. Now that's a lot of ground, but one hundred times the surface of the earth it isn't. The best estimates we have on the Russian force come to 750,000 square miles' worth of destruction. Just for good measure add in our B-52s and their heavy and medium bombers, although the chances that a significant number of our B-52s (some of which are sixteen years old) would ever be able to reach their targets are pretty slim. With this addition, the tally is: United States—430,000 square miles; Soviet Union—915,000 square miles. Our 430,000 square miles could destroy all the Soviet Union southwest of Moscow (about 5 per cent of their total land area). Their 915,000 square miles could destroy everything east of the Mississippi plus Iowa.

West Covina, Calif. DEAN M. FISCHBECK

En Garde!

Je vous prie de m'excusez si, faute de mieux, je m'exprime en français.

Lecteur de votre hebdomadaire, je suis surpris de trouver dans votre numéro du 7 juillet ["*Letters*"] l'assertion de M. Guy Davenport concernant "*the notorious stinginess of the French people.*"

Cette injure gratuite et imbécile ne fait honneur ni à son auteur, ni à votre revue.

New York, N.Y. JACQUES DALEMBERT

CCNY's Hoax

In my *vergentibus annis*, and as a sometime senior colleague of Geoffrey Wagner ["Another Great Hoax," June 23], may I add my bit? Jonathan Swift is smiling upon you, Geoffrey!

Since its founding in 1847 CCNY has always been "open" to all qualified male graduates (women were first admitted about 1950) of New York City high schools. Provided they had an average of 84 or better. In addition, each year more than 1,500 applicants were given the opportunity to qualify by taking an "open" examination—about 10 per cent qualified.

Furthermore, in the college buildings, Townsend Harris High School provided an "open" Class A secondary education preparing qualified boys for entry into the college.

At Harvard, CCNY graduates who were PhD candidates outnumbered those of every other college except Harvard itself, with Oberlin close behind. Of native New Yorkers many, many judges, doctors, teachers, social workers and business leaders have been CCNY graduates.

All this has been flattened under the juggernaut of an ill-considered, wickedly fallacious, but politically juicy notion that getting into college is the same as getting a free pass to the ballgame—once past the gate anyone can enjoy the game.

Thus is a great college betrayed. A first-class faculty is condemned to spend its talents teaching subject matter on the grade-school level; an excellent library shelters "scholars" when the weather is bad; first-rate laboratories harbor bewildered "scientists."

Sic semper . . .

Grahamsville, N.Y. WILLIAM L. PAYNE

It was with great amazement that I finally forced myself to conclude that the Geoffrey Wagner who had written "Another Great Hoax" was indeed the same Geoffrey Wagner under whom I had studied both semantics and critical writing in 1967. I had always assumed, albeit unhappily, that the entire faculty of CUNY manifested a uniformity of political doctrine in the direction of far left, an assumption generally borne out, unfortunately, by the facts. Why on earth did Prof. W. not reveal himself? Imagine how thrilled, how spiritually uplifted I could have been had I but known my teacher's right-of-center persuasion. Why did he not jump into the fray, giving us lowly student conservatives some encouragement, when the rest of the faculty overwhelmingly supported some new craziness inspired by the zealots of SDS or the like?

I, myself, was an easily enough spotted libertarian. I carried *NR* proudly. I sported my "Laissez Faire" button. I was alone, or so I thought, in a sea of socialistic flotsam and collectivist jetsam. (Pardon my metaphors, but Prof. W. may be watching.)

Please, please, if there are any other educators (or librarians, or student cafeteria workers) left who can call themselves conservative, even if only latently (a closet conservative?) show yourselves! There are others like you, and they will be happy to make your acquaintance.

Boston, Mass. LAWRENCE S. WALLBERG

Szasz and the Wechslers

I am writing because I have frequently admired the works of Dr. Thomas Szasz and have on many occasions presented his point of view to my in-laws, James and Nancy Wechsler. I am currently completing my doctorate in clinical psychology at the SUNY at Stony Brook, where Dr. Szasz's theories are openly discussed as part of the program in behavior modification. Therefore, I was especially dismayed to read "Tragic Failures," his review of James Wechsler's *In a Darkness* ["Books," May 26].

I believe that he has missed the point about the meaning of the darkness which surrounded the Wechslers and their son Michael. The Wechslers did not invoke the term "mental illness" in regard to their son. From the beginning, it was the psychiatrists who used the disease construct

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and who employed the typical psychiatric jargon. The Wechslers were astounded by Dr. First's statement that Michael had any serious mental problems.

When Dr. Szasz claims that Michael would have written this book had he wanted it written, he has again missed an important portion of *In a Darkness*. Throughout, there are excerpts from Michael's autobiography, which, it is noted, he had vainly attempted to have published.

Dr. Szasz's discussion of the eight psychiatrists who "treated" Michael includes a clear distortion. The comment that Michael believed that a psychiatrist was his parents' agent rather than his own refers to only *one* of the eight. Dr. Szasz's statement that the psychiatrists "knew who paid them and acted accordingly" is absurd in light of the clear failure of most of the psychiatrists to include the Wechslers in the treatment. It is hard to imagine how an agent of Michael's parents would not even bother to speak with them.

Yonkers, N.Y. DAVID A. KARPF

Eco Fashions

Thank you for the tip on the United Nations Environmental Sweatshirt ["The Week," July 7]. At $34, it is a steal. I am informed that it is made entirely from recycled material. It is a joy to wear, but the ground-up milk bottles, gum wrappers, and beer cans do scratch a little. I did a bacteriological lab test and found the *E. coli* count to be around 5.5×10^7 per gram, which may give a clue concerning the slight aroma. I suppose the item of greatest inventiveness is the block letters made from oil-spill residue.

The only problem I have encountered is that I have been singled out three times for interdiction and elimination by environmental satellite EV SAT 22G421.

Pleasanton, Calif. GUY C. CLARK

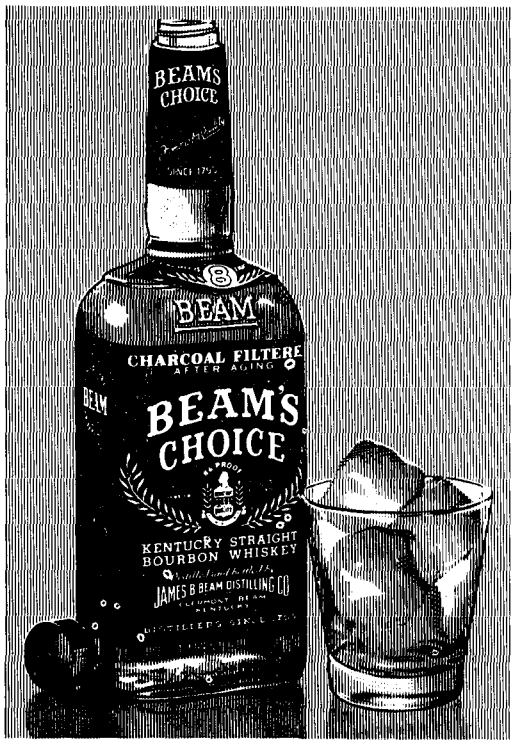
Population Control

There are several errors in judgment in William Petersen's "A Conservative Reacts" [May 12], the most glaring and serious of which is his lumping together of sterilization, contraception and abortion as acts which ". . . the state cannot legitimately prohibit. . . ." The simple fact, which Mr. Petersen chooses to ignore, is that contraception and sterilization involve decisions about one's own body, and one should certainly have a reasonable amount of freedom in decisions of this nature. However, the decision to abort involves the decision to destroy *someone else's* body, to terminate *someone else's* life. Science increasingly confirms the existence of a unique human being from conception. Considering this fact—that abortion involves an almost 100 per cent fatality rate for the youngest members of the human family—the state most certainly has the right, moreover the duty, to protect them by law from unrestricted abortion.

Pittsburgh, Pa. MRS. NORBERT WINTER

(Continues on page 862)

Don't lean on it.



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THE WEEK

■ David S. Broder had an in-depth interview with Senator Thomas Eagleton two weeks before the Democratic Convention at a time when Eagleton's name was just one of dozens being mentioned as possible Democratic VP. It makes interesting reading post-Convention. It shows, in fact, that Eagleton is on many issues to the right of McGovern, more moderate in his views. For instance. On the defense budget: He thinks it could be cut, but not as sharply as McGovern would like to cut it. On busing: He favors it in general but believes that judges who order it across "non-gerrymandered" county lines (as in Richmond and Detroit) have gone too far. On gun control: He's against any further federal restrictions, but would like to see the war against crime, on the federal level, beefed up. On bombing and mining: They were more successful than he had anticipated but he thinks they may be a barrier to a negotiated settlement. On tax loopholes: He thinks you could close every one on the books and still not get the added revenue to finance ambitious new domestic programs. The only way to do that, he says, is to increase income-tax rates. Question: Will the new Eagleton ventilate his views?

■ Congress seems to agree with Senator McGovern that families earning $12,000 need higher taxes. The recent 20 per cent increase in Social Security benefits will involve a 41 per cent increase in payroll deductions for the $12,000 taxpayer by 1974, and an automatic increase in taxes and benefits each year thereafter—to keep up with the inflation resulting from adding $4 billion to the deficit by increasing Social Security benefits.

■ Rep. John Ashbrook will continue his campaign for a redirection of Nixon Administration trends through the pre-Convention weeks and into the Platform Committee hearings. He will focus on what he calls "the four major survival issues": 1) Failure to restore military superiority ("millions of Americans are shocked . . . over the SALT agreement which allows Russia military superiority over the United States"). 2) The policies of appeasement toward the Communist bloc ("time will show that Mr. Nixon's so-called breakthrough with Communist leaders did little more than lower the American guard in a world struggle"). 3) Radical federal budget deficits ("the first three budgets planned wholly by the Nixon Administration are expected to show a cumulative deficit of over $80 billion—more than the total deficit of the eight Kennedy-Johnson budgets"). 4) Guaranteed annual income proposal ("this plan would add twelve to fifteen million Americans [to the welfare rolls] at a cost of at least $7 billion a year . . . and reinforces the concept that welfare is a way of life").

■ After Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie withdrew from the Democratic race, Henry Jackson remained, making this statement: "I believe it's important that the American people know that there are some strong feelings in this country about the things that we have stood for that are opposed by Senator McGovern. I feel a deep obligation to my party, but first of all to my country. And it is in that context that I shall continue the fight down to the last decision-making order of the Convention." Senator Jackson stuck by his words. He never withdrew from the race and kept on attacking McGovern. Then, at the end of the Convention, there was a picture of Humphrey, Chisholm, Muskie and McGovern and, yes, Jackson, all joining hands and smiling. Well, Jackson has a moderately deep obligation to his country.

■ Since the Detroit school system is in the red by about $80 million, Judge Roth figured another $3 million wouldn't matter much, so he ordered the purchase of 295 school buses to make a meager start at busing 310,000 students. The Justice Department has now intervened to arrest this imposition on the Detroit public schools. If the Justice Department is successful with the higher court, it will have demonstrated the effectiveness of the new amendment to the Higher Education bill which puts a moratorium on busing until a public policy is fully hammered out.

■ The median family income rose to $10,285 last year, but the apparent increase over 1970 was completely wiped out by inflation. Since 1965, median family incomes have risen $2,975, but price increases claimed all but $610 of that, and tax increases more than took care of the rest. Isn't prosperity wonderful?

■ Thanks to Republican Governor Thomas Meskill's nononsense approach to the state budget, Connecticut closed its fiscal year with a $30-million surplus and the prob-

But Prepare for the Worst

I would like to be a very activist First Lady and I intend to be. —Mrs. George McGovern

I've just checked out McGovern's wife.
She'll love and honor him for life;
But from the bits I've seen, I'd say
She'll *definitely* not obey.
So, if, November, we should find
The President fell far behind,
Secure the sash and bolt the door.
We've got another Eleanor.

W. H. von Dreele

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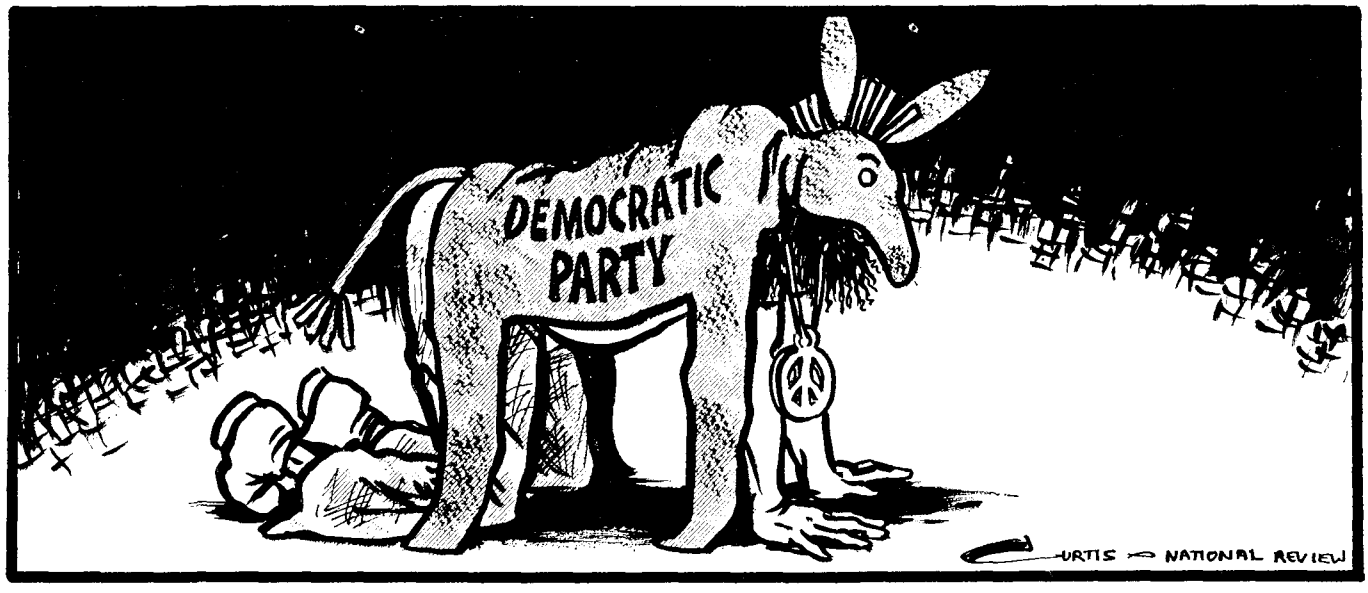
ability that the 7 per cent state sales tax will be reduced. The surplus resulted from higher-than-anticipated revenues combined with some hard-nosed, tight-fisted money management—like a careful check on all welfare claimants, which resulted in the biggest single saving, $23 million. "I do not want to take one more dollar from the taxpayer than is necessary," said Meskill. Now *that's* tax reform.

■ Connecticut newspapers are fighting the latest attempt by government to protect the citizens whether they want to be protected or not. The State Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities had ruled that newspapers could no longer separate help-wanted ads into "Male" and "Female" columns, on the grounds that this practice violates antidiscrimination laws. Donald Spargo, president of the Connecticut Daily Newspaper Association, says: "Connecticut's newspapers feel it is absolutely necessary to defend the right of each publication to print and to control its own advertising without imposing upon newspapers the responsibility for policing and preventing discriminatory employment practices. . . . The classification of advertising is a service to readers which is in no sense discriminatory on the newspapers' part."

■ On reading a report that the Soviet Union is expected to launch a major manned space mission before autumn as part of its program to develop a manned space station, an *Aviation Week* reader recalls a question put to Senator McGovern during his June 5 campaign stopover in Albuquerque, N.M. "Senator McGovern, should you be elected President, what would be your attitude concerning the scheduled Apollo 17 and Skylab manned space flights?" McGovern replied that he is against any more U.S. space flights of any kind.

■ What ever happened to Lin Piao? Suddenly he was an unperson—never mentioned by name, but under constant attack by innuendo. Western newsmen in Nixon's entourage who asked after him received the illuminating reply, "Please have some more tea." Later a French visitor was told Lin was "alive but politically eliminated." Now copies of a top-secret Chinese Communist Party directive have reached Taipei, instructing the Party bureaucracy to "struggle to smash the counterrevolutionary coup by the Lin-Chen Anti-Party clique." According to supporting documents allegedly taken from the plotters, Lin was the leader of "Five-Seven-One" (the words in Chinese have the same sound as those meaning "armed uprising"), the aim of which was to take power, deposing Mao if necessary or even assassinating him. Mao, the plotters allegedly agreed, was promoting "counterrevolutionary evolution which takes the form of peaceful transition": "He is not a genuine Marxist-Leninist, but the worst feudal tyrant in China's history, who practices the preachings of Confucius and Mencius." The documents suggest Lin had the backing of large segments of the army and air force leadership and expected the assistance of the Soviet Union. Intelligence experts in Free China speculate that Lin may be the victim of a frame-up; the linking of him with his old enemy Chen Po-ta (an unperson since the waning of the Cultural Revolution) suggests an effort to confuse the masses. What is certain from the documents is that Lin is soon to be attacked directly, by name not innuendo, that a large-scale purge may be in the offing; in short, that all is far from well with the Peking leadership and the question of the succession is by no means settled. And trumped up or not, some parts of the "Five-Seven-One" plan of action ring true: "At no time has B-52 [Mao] stopped trying to put one force against another. Today his words may drip with honey, yet tomorrow he may put you to death on fabricated charges. Today you may be his guest of honor, yet tomorrow you may find yourself in jail. Looking back over the past decades, how many do you see who were raised to power and fame by him but later



"Hee-Haw! Hee-Haw!"

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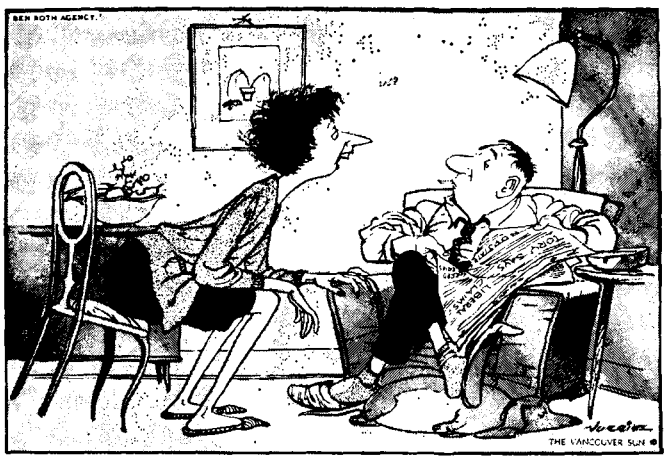
escaped political death? What political force could survive coexistence with him?"

■ The Common Market financial leaders have agreed on several basic objectives for a new international monetary system. Some sort of "control" over the international supply of money is one major goal, though it seems impossible unless individual nations surrender sovereignty over their economic affairs. Another major objective is to retain fixed exchange rates between currencies while somehow making those rates "easily adjustable." An easily adjustable rate, however, is not fixed, and fixed rates have never been easily adjustable.

■ The evidence is not conclusive, but Red China appears to be exporting a significant amount of narcotics to the United States. Many of the reports originate from Nationalist China, and have accordingly been dismissed as propaganda. But in his syndicated column John Chamberlain cites studies from Australia and England which claim that Red China clears over $500 million a year in drug sales, and our own Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has asserted that a vast quantity of the opium grown in China's Yunnan Province eventually reaches the U.S. The evidence isn't overwhelming but still substantial enough to fuel the Senate subcommittee investigation now in progress.

■ Seeing him endorse Cesar Chavez' latest shtick, the boycott of lettuce, a citizen, an official of a retail grocers' association, wrote to candidate George McGovern as follows: "Under existing law, such boycotts are clearly illegal. Secondly, the pattern established in the grape boycotts was one of damage and destruction to innocent third parties—in this instance, retailers who have no way of knowing who is right in a labor dispute many miles away. Thirdly, such tactics, if successful, result in increased costs which mean increased prices, a subject which I know is of concern to you." Came the reply: "You should know . . . that I have competent legal advice and you need not worry about me on that score. Your reference to innocent third parties was intriguing to say the least. If you are suggesting that retail grocers are under any definition of the term 'innocent,' I would be surprised. It may interest you to know that I am fully aware of the monopoly meat and other commodity pricing practices of the chain stores. I am also aware of the rate of return on [their] investment. You may be sure . . . that when I am President suits will no longer be brought by stockmen, egg producers and others, but by the Attorney General of the United States." The nicest man in the U.S. Senate.

■ The American Security Council is on top of the Soviet Union's relentless military buildup and is doing its best to spread the word. As part of its "Operation Alert," the Council publishes a bi-weekly newsletter, sponsors seminars, conducts and distributes surveys of public attitudes on national defense and promotes an excellent film documentary, *Only the Strong*. For more information write the American Security Council at 201 North Main Street, Culpeper, Virginia 22701.



"Shall we decide who we'll vote for now . . . or wait to be caught up in the emotional excitement of the hustings?"

■ Bobby Lee Hunter is a very good boxer. He has twice won the AAU flyweight championship; last year he won a bronze medal at the Pan-American Games, and some say he has a chance of winning a gold at the Munich Olympics. The only problem is that the International Olympic Committee, headed by grumpy Avery Brundage, doesn't think Hunter fits the standards of an Olympic athlete. The U.S. Olympic Committee is fighting for Hunter as is most of the press. We're for Hunter too. It would be cruel and unusual punishment to keep a man out of the Olympics just because he's serving an eighteen-year sentence for killing a man. Oh yes. *Outside* the ring.

Agnew

No one who has eaten of the apple of the Tree of Political Knowledge supposes that vice-presidential candidates are selected because of their shimmering talents or because they would make great Presidents if need arose. One need only ponder Stevenson-Sparkman and Stevenson-Kefauver, among others. Richard Nixon himself was selected in 1952 because he was young, came from California, and appealed to the Taft constituency because of the Hiss case.

But among all recent Vice Presidents and vice-presidential candidates, Spiro T. Agnew is virtually unique in the size and importance of the loyal constituency he has established.

He has been able to do this for a number of reasons. First, he articulated the perception of many—of, indeed, a majority—regarding the bias of the media. The case he made has since been proved over and over again in books and scholarly articles. But he said it, and put behind it the power and authority of his office; and there is abun-

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dant evidence that Agnew's initiative moved the media establishment, however reluctantly, toward more balanced treatment.

But, beyond that, Agnew succeeded in giving voice to the feelings and considered judgments of "the great silent majority" of Americans—that is, to the very constituency to which Richard Nixon appealed so effectively in 1968. To speak bluntly, no one else in the Nixon Administration, including the President himself, succeeded so well in establishing a vital relationship with this constituency.

Nor is this fact one of merely arithmetical importance. The fabric of American civilization is not sustained by the affluent chic, the mythologized young or the inchoate underclass. It is not sustained by the constituencies of John Lindsay or George McGovern or Cesar Chavez. It is sustained precisely by that silent majority, with its core of belief and its loyalty to institutions.

And finally, as Richard Nixon himself is said to have sensed when he first met Mr. Agnew in New York in 1968, there is indeed something deeply impressive about the man. It is to touch upon this quality to observe that in the midst of a busy day-to-day political life he is one of the few high officials in Washington who finds the time for a substantial amount of serious reading, as well as reflection. He will phone his friends out of the blue, and with contagious enthusiasm, recommend some book, or some article in *Commentary*, the *Public Interest*—or NATIONAL REVIEW. References to such reading in an Agnew speech are not generally inserted by some Ted Sorensen; they are usually Agnew's own.

The winds of practical politics blow where they listeth. But Richard Nixon's choice of Agnew in 1968 turned out to be one of the master-strokes of the Nixon Presidency. Only the most compelling political logic—not now evident—could dictate his replacement.

Russians, Go Home!

"After fully reviewing the situation . . . I found it appropriate to adopt the following measures: 1) Terminate the mission of Soviet advisers and military experts, who came at our request, as of yesterday to be replaced by our sons in the armed forces. 2) All military equipment and installations built after June, 1967, are to be manned by the Egyptian armed forces and become the property of Egypt. . . ."

So, from Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat, July 18, addressing the Central Committee of his Arab Socialist Union. The astonished bulletins and headlines his words brought throughout the world prove that Sadat has inherited something of Nasser's sense of drama along with the office.

Mideast politics are so labyrinthine that no public word or act should ever be taken at face value. In the Mideast straight talk is never the shortest way to the truth, and often enough you reach your destination most quickly by going backward. Conceivably this spectacular announcement by Sadat is a blackmail operation designed not to get rid of the Soviet military presence but to pressure Moscow into supplying the advanced weapons long demanded by Cairo but up to now refused. But this interpretation is probably too strained even for the Mideast, and in fact this move by Sadat is not so much an abrupt reversal in Egyptian (and Arab) policy as a further turn in a course that began to change some while ago.

Almost exactly a year ago, as it happens. It is possible that the attempted coup and successful countercoup that took place in the Sudan in July 1971 may prove to have been the critical turning point for Arab and Mideast affairs. The Sudanese government of General Gaafer el-Nimeiry had the closest of political and military ties with the Soviet Union. As in Egypt, much of its military equipment had come from the Soviet Union, along with Soviet military advisers, instructors, pilots and technicians. Then, on July 19, the native Sudanese Communists, apparently in liaison with some of the Soviet visitors, seized Nimeiry and tried to take over the government. Nimeiry escaped with the advice and with the help of both Sadat and the Libyan leader, Colonel el-Qaddafi. He quickly suppressed the revolt, shot or jailed several thousand of the rebels, broke off relations with the Soviet Union, and sent the Soviet personnel home.

This Sudanese crisis sent profound shock waves throughout the Arab world, and brought reconsideration by the Arab leaders of the possible consequences of a too-intimate Soviet relation unbalanced by relations with Western powers. For in spite of what overheated pro-Israel propagandists sometimes try to make us believe, the Arab leaders and the Arabs generally are not Communists or pro-Soviet; they are first of all nationalists, and their leaders want to run their own show, not to knuckle down as anyone's puppets. And in running their own show they have often proved themselves very skilful in playing the big powers off against each other.

This Egyptian turn seems to fit into the swing, dating from the Sudanese conflict, away from overdependence on the Soviet side of the international power balance—an interpretation that would apply also to last month's report that we are about to re-establish diplomatic relations with Yemen.

For the United States, as for the Mideast, these omens are propitious, though no one will expect the Mideast to become overnight a peaceable kingdom. On our side we would be able to help it move a little faster toward that happier condition if our political parties would remember that even in an election year the Mideast is inhabited by Arabs as well as Israelis, and that though Israel unquestionably faces many and grave problems, not all of Israel's problems are necessarily and automatically problems of the United States. Maybe the moment of a lessening Soviet military presence in Egypt might be an appropriate time for a turn toward that even-handedness that William Scranton, on Mr. Nixon's behalf, commended four years ago.

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Texan Talk

For three hours on Bastille Day John B. Connally met privately in San Clemente with Richard Nixon, to report, it was announced, on the seventeen-nation around-the-world trip from which Connally had just returned. The two also had time for other topics, it may be inferred from ex-Secretary Connally's remarks at the interview that took place immediately thereafter at, some thought significantly, the President's residence, not, as is usual in such cases, at the nearby hotel.

For the first time in public, Mr. Connally committed himself, and with true Texan vigor, to Nixon's re-election: "I am going to do everything in my power to try to see that President Nixon is re-elected." He backed up this pledge with as slashing—and carefully targeted—an attack on Mr. Nixon's opponent as has so far been recorded: McGovern's ideas "are too isolationist in character and too radical in character." McGovern's promise to have the soldiers and the prisoners home within ninety days of his inauguration "sabotages the efforts of this Administration and of the peace negotiators in Paris to try to bring the war to an end." "To me, McGovern's plan for giving amnesty to draft dodgers is a glorification of men who refuse to serve their nation." The McGovern proposal on defense "means cutting the heart out of the military Establishment. It means a retreat from responsibilities in world leadership." McGovern's $1,000 annual grant to every citizen is "the height of fiscal irresponsibility."

But, Connally added, he was still a Democrat. He had, in fact, resigned as Secretary of the Treasury because he had "foreseen something like" the McGovern nomination, and had "wanted to be free as a private citizen" to work at persuading other Democrats to support the President's re-election.

Needless to say, Connally's appearance and his words prompted many a question about his possible selection as the President's running-mate. Mr. Connally stated as he has before that he did not expect to be offered the job, but he added that he was "not closing any doors." And it is not implausible that the President, in that three-hour chat, should have permitted his formidable recruit to believe that no door has been finally locked. But with this now public and absolute commitment to his cause by this intelligent and forceful Democrat, who is very influential not only in his own Southwest but in all sectors of the Democratic Party except the ideological Left that is unreachable by any means, Mr. Nixon has got the maximum John Connally has to offer—more, in all probability, than he could get from a turncoat Connally on the Republican ticket. This would seem to be the cold, hard political fact, and about politics Mr. Nixon reasons both hard and coldly.

The Alternative

I am not black nor am I poor.
I'm not so young (and *that's* for sure).
I'd ten times rather bomb than beg.
A "grand" for all just laid an egg.
Abortion isn't on my brain.
Drugs do not irrigate my vein.
Forced busing really makes me sick.
God help me, I am stuck with Dick.

W. H. von Dreele

Two and Two Are One

Professor James Tobin, McGovern's chief economic adviser, has finally added his own contribution to the "confusion over the budgetary arithmetics" (*N.Y. Times*, July 18). "As Tom Wicker reported," writes Tobin, "McGovern's civilian expenditure proposals—outside the welfare area—total $56 billion." It seems strange that Tobin should lean on Tom Wicker, since another Wicker column (*N.Y. Times*, June 22) confessed to a "journalistic sin" in accepting McGovern's figures "far too uncritically." Mr. Wicker had been given a list of McGovern's expenditures which did not include, among many other things, either health insurance or day care—which are part of the Democratic Platform, and which the Brookings Institution's budget study says may cost as much as $88 billion.

On the revenue side, eliminating the corporate tax breaks of the last few years is supposed to generate, according to Tobin, $13 billion (McGovern said $17 billion) without a rate increase. The Brookings study is disillusioning here too, since all corporate "loopholes" *and* rate reductions over the past decade amount to less than $7 billion. McGovern's defense cuts have grown to $35 billion, in Tobin's explanation, and the soak-the-rich minimum tax and grave-robbing inheritance tax have quietly disappeared. By ignoring most of the Democratic Platform and all of the welfare grants, Tobin manages to balance new revenues and new expenditures to his own satisfaction.

Next, the Professor contemplates the cost of welfare grants, which still average "$1,000 or more," but are now "scaled to age, adults getting more than children." That change, plus a general tendency to remove embarrassing price tags, is the only "rethinking" McGovern has done or appears likely to do—as can be seen from his latest article in the July issue of the *Progressive*. Tobin anticipates that "potentially taxable" personal income will be at least $1,000 billion in 1975. Since taxable income was only $388 billion in 1969, Tobin is evidently assuming the elimination of virtually all adjustments, exemptions and deductions, though McGovern has still managed to avoid endorsing the closing of a single specific "loophole."

"The gross revenue required," writes Tobin, "is $352 billion," $233 billion to cover credits and grants, and $119 billion to match the existing system. "An average effective gross rate of 33-35 per cent will produce the needed revenue." Given the $1,000-billion tax base, for

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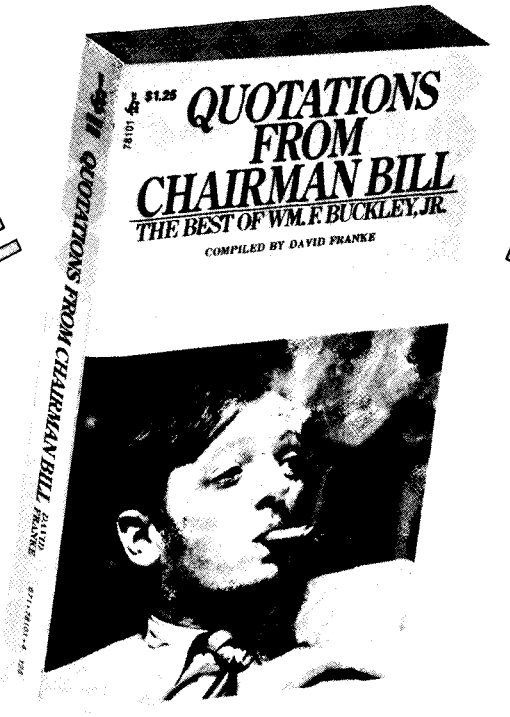

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example, a 35.2 per cent tax would indeed yield $352 billion. McGovern's critics never said this wasn't possible, as Tobin suggests, they only said it wasn't possible without a huge increase in middle-class taxes. Tobin's key phrase, "average effective gross tax rate," means that taxes on the total of *everyone's* gross income must yield 35 per cent *on the average*. But 75 per cent of all families, and 89 per cent of all taxpayers, earn less than $15,000. Can $352 billion be raised without a net tax increase—over and above the $1,000 credits—on the under-$15,000 group?

Tobin implies a rate schedule on gross incomes of something like 30 per cent on $15,000-$25,000, 40 per cent on $25,000-$50,000, and 50 per cent on those earning $50,000 and up. To get some idea of how drastic this is, it should be noted that 1) existing "effective rates" on these brackets are 11.1, 13.9 and 22.2 to 34.2 per cent, respectively; and 2) various other taxes will add about 25 per cent to the new rates, bringing the total tax load up to 55-75 per cent. Still, this outrageous tax, even with *no* deductions or exemptions, would have yielded "only" $72.4 billion in 1969 (the last year for which IRS data are available), or $30.3 billion more than those income groups already paid. The additional $30 billion is not even enough to cover the 1974 deficit, or it could pay for only half of the bill for health insurance, so any "income redistribution" will have to be financed from below the $15,000 line. Since confiscatory taxation of the over-$15,000 group can only supply $72.4 billion of the $352 billion Tobin says we need, those who earn less than $15,000 must pay the remaining $279.6 billion (an increase of $235.1 billion) plus the additional costs of health insurance, day care, guaranteed jobs, 80 per cent defense-unemployment benefits, and so on. Tobin claims the bottom two-thirds of the population will benefit from McGovern's scheme (McGovern said the bottom four-fifths would benefit). There will be about 154 million people in the bottom two-thirds of the 1975 population, so $1,000 to each of them will total $154 billion, while those earning less than $15,000 will pay $235 billion in new taxes for the great program alone. "There is no reason in the abstract," says tax authority Joseph Pechman, "why a nation should not levy taxes on and pay transfers to the same groups; but while the nation wages a war on poverty, it is surely appropriate to consider the possibility of providing additional assistance to the poor by tax *reduction* . . ."

In Darkest Africa

In Burundi and Rwanda,
Once exploited by the Belgians,
Dwell the Hutu and the Tutsi,
Plus the Twa—dwarflike and greedy.
Every tall and cruel Tutsi
Hates the tiny, patient Hutu;
While the Hutus share the feeling,
Vice-versa, with a venom.
Consequently, in Burundi,
Many Hutus have been murdered,
While the Tutsis in Rwanda
Die, likewise, in tribal fashion.
(No one knows about the Twa, since
They're concealed among the bushes.)
Though the papers say the killings
May surpass one hundred thousand,
Still, McGovern and his crazies
Keep repeating, "Stop the bombing!"

W. H. VON DREELE

None Care If It Is Treason

Ramparts published the article. The *New York Times* reported it in full, page one, carry-over of four columns on page three. It was a revelation by a former U.S. code analyst that the United States has broken all super-secret Soviet communications codes. (This, incidentally, say the experts, is not so.) The article tells how many planes, ships and satellites the United States has monitoring foreign air waves. Where many of them are; how they operate; what they have discovered, things calculated to win friends and influence enemies all over the world, and also at home.

It was written by Perry Fellwock, 26, of San Diego, California, a war protester. At twenty, he enlisted in the Air Force. While serving, he was recruited by a United States security agent into the National Security Agency, which is charged with the collection of security information, most of it through advanced technological means —the U-2s, spy satellites etc. When Fellwock left the Agency three and a half years later, he—like all other intelligence people—swore an oath never to reveal what he had done while in the employ of NSA. But now Fellwock feels that oath no longer "is binding to me." He feels that by telling all he will "make sure that there are no more Vietnams." He feels that "the American military [is] the most dangerous threat to me, my family and to world peace itself." He has taken this step "neither for money nor glory, but to bring to the American people knowledge which they have a 'need to know.' "

And also, and not so incidentally, to the enemies of the American people knowledge which they have a paramount need to know.

And yet, if Fellwock is so dead set on preserving the peace by this attack on NSA, how does he explain away one incident he describes in detail in his article. It was during the Six Day War. According to Fellwock, the U.S. electronic intelligence ship *Liberty* (a *Pueblo*) was sent along the Israeli coast to intercept Israeli battle orders. It was attacked by the Israeli air force and 34 Americans were killed. But, still according to Fellwock, the *Liberty* already had transmitted the fact that General Dayan intended to order his forces to attack both Cairo

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and Damascus. President Johnson brought tremendous pressure on Israel to halt further troop movements and also got on the hot line to warn Premier Kosygin against what appeared to be an imminent Soviet airborne operation against Israel from Bulgarian bases.

Did this not, in effect, not only prevent further Vietnams, but stop the outbreak of World War III? Isn't the tight surveillance that Fellwock insists the NSA is keeping over the Soviet bomber fleet and Soviet nuclear subs designed to avert war rather than to touch it off? Isn't the NSA, whose mission is to gather information, but never to act on it, a weapon for peace rather than a weapon of war? The answer is, of course, that Fellwock and Ellsberg and the others are first and foremost anti-Establishment and very possibly anti-American. And they have managed to talk themselves around to saying that when they decide unilaterally to abrogate an oath, steal a Top Secret document, traffic with the enemy, which this amounts to, that they are doing it because they are right. Theirs is the higher morality.

It was a simpler world when the betrayers of national trust, the Philbys, the Burgesses and MacLeans, the Martinses and Mitchells (two earlier NSA defectors), did their dirty work and cut and ran. And a better world.

France: Popular Front

For the first time in 24 years the French Socialists and Communists have reached a working agreement, uniting the main forces of the Left with a view to the election of a new National Assembly next March. The immediate spur to coalition, of course, was the effective exclusion of both leftist parties from power by the Gaullist majority. Nor, for the short range, does the coalition itself seem likely to play more than an opposition role, the strength of the Communists in the electorate holding steady at some 22 per cent, the Socialists under M. Mitterand mustering no better than 12 per cent.

The creation of this political vehicle, however, has another significance in the developing European situation.

You do not have to be a Mahan, Mackinder or Haushofer to grasp the essence of the Soviet strategic design in Europe. The Soviet Union has established hegemony over Finland and effectively neutralized both Norway and Sweden. On the northern flank, NATO forces are outmanned and outgunned. In the Mediterranean, Soviet naval power, steadily gaining in strength, goes forward with the task of outflanking Europe to the south—the Soviet Union, meanwhile, extending its political influence throughout the North African littoral and (this is the prime economic pressure point) moving to control the Middle Eastern sources of Europe's vital oil supplies.

The Soviets and the other Warsaw Pact nations deploy some 91 divisions in Eastern Europe. In the westernmost areas of the Soviet Union, eighty additional Soviet divisions are ready. Against this military power, NATO deploys only 24 divisions, four and a half of them American.

The strategic meaning of all this is clear enough, and now is beginning to be articulated here and there—despite McGovernism and the general bemusement—in the mainstream popular press.

In a recent (July 10) issue of *Newsweek,* for example, senior editor Arnaud de Borchgrave publishes a long signed essay concluding that the situation is "highly dangerous. For Western Europe faces the threat of 'Finlandization'—which is to say, of finding itself effectively dominated, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, by the Soviet Union." NATO Secretary General Dr. Joseph Luns agrees, and underscores the threat in the same issue. Soviet diplomacy, working patiently for a generation to accomplish the reduction of American influence in Europe, has played its part in the developing design.

Under a circumstance of increasing Soviet pressure and prestige, the leverage in French politics of the new Popular Front coalition would be expected to grow. In turn, the leverage within the coalition of the Communist component would also increase. Neutralization and Finlandization then become real possibilities. Comparable developments are foreseeable in Italy; and Spain, in its post-Franco transition, promises to be peculiarly vulnerable. An era of negotiation indeed.

Social Insecurity

It is often possible to diminish an undesirable economic activity by taxing it heavily. This approach doesn't seem to work on poverty, however, despite ever-greater efforts to tax the poor out of existence. Social Security taxes fall especially heavily on those with modest incomes, because their earnings are almost entirely in the form of wages and salaries, which are subject to the tax, and because income after the first $9,000 is tax-exempt. Social Security benefits have increased 50 per cent, in real terms, since 1960; the 10.4 per cent tax currently used to finance those benefits now takes twice as large a slice of the GNP as it did a decade ago, and has risen from 18 to 28 per cent of all federal revenue. Even this tax has not been enough to discourage people from being poor, however, so Congress has just raised Social Security benefits 20 per cent in order to permit another boost in the tax rate (after the election), and an automatic annual increase in the tax base.

The payroll tax for unemployment insurance may prove to be an equally effective tool for penalizing poverty. This promising tax has therefore been increased from 1 per cent to 3.2 per cent since its inception, with all income over $4,200 carefully exempted. The House Ways and Means Committee now proposes a "temporary" increase in this tax too.

All this is child's play to champion-of-the-poor George McGovern. He proposes to add a comprehensive medi-

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cal insurance plan—which a Brookings Institution study says will cost $60 billion—to be paid for entirely through higher payroll taxes. McGovern also wants the hundreds of thousands of people who are to be unemployed by his defense reductions to get a year's vacation at 80 per cent of their former wages. This too will be financed by a regressive payroll tax. If McGovern's payroll taxes don't deter people from being poor, they should at least reduce the cost of Social Security benefits, since few of the poor will be able to sustain themselves long enough to collect.

Chilean Notes

The opposition shows a disturbing inability to capitalize on Salvador Allende's mistakes and misfortunes. After winning three legislative by-elections in a row, they lost badly in Coquimbo Province last week when voters elected the Communist Amanda Altamirano to fill a vacated seat. It was widely hoped that an opposition victory in Coquimbo would dramatize Allende's lessening support among workers and peasants. In fact, the masses are indeed unhappy over rising prices, deteriorating services and spreading chaos; if Allende hadn't begun efforts to conciliate the opposition, and straighten out the economy (under orders from the Communists), his Unidad Popular might well have lost in Coquimbo. Still there is widespread feeling that the opposition should have picked a more attractive candidate than Orlando Poblete, a dispossessed mine-owner who appealed to middle-class proprietors only, not to inflation-bedeviled workers and farmers.

The UP appears also to have won the election for the presidency of the Central Labor Union, although there the vote was extremely close and there are charges of fraud—plausible, in the light of the fact that the union's electoral board is controlled by Communists and Socialists. And the Marxists appeared to have won elections in the University Students' Federation, simply because the opposition failed to get together and so offered two candidates—one Christian Democrat and one from the National Party.

The Christian Democrats are staying shy of Allende's conciliatory efforts. They see these, probably correctly, as a move to keep the opposition off balance until next year's parliamentary elections—which the Unidad Popular (i.e., the Communists) can win only if the opposition is fragmented. But it isn't enough to stand aloof from Allende. So far, the fragmentation strategy appears to be working: The opposition cannot seem to get together and take coordinated action. The thing to watch is the coming parliamentary debate over the limits of government expropriation of private enterprises. If Allende's nationalization program is to go forward (as his Communist masters wish it to, although more slowly than before), changes in the constitution are required. The debate will be a clear test of legislative *v.* executive power; it will be interesting to see 1) how effectively the opposition copes with the challenge and 2) what Allende's fire-breathing enemies on the left, the Socialists and the MIR, will do.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sir:

The President just could not do in Moscow that which you seriously propounded on the cover of the June 9, 1972 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, since it became available after his return. Has your sense of timing failed or is it a case of hot weather procrastination?

Joseph Jackimowski
Chicago, Ill.

Not quite. What happened was that McGovern won the Wisconsin primary, and with characteristic prescience, we pulled the Russian cover, cranked up the gang, and came out with "The Economics of George McGovern," which you may have noticed was quoted throughout the country and pricked the curiosity of Tom Wicker, who finally apologized for having been taken in by said economics. We thought it better to run the Russian cover a little late rather than never. Hope you agree. Cordially,
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I teach Political Philosophy and Sociology at MacArthur High School in Levittown, N.Y. and I also am the Teacher Adviser of our school's chapter of YAF.

Instead of going underground, the more conservative students formed a YAF chapter to counteract the "Students for Peace" club.

One of our more interesting projects this year was to name the Political Philosophy Room 303 the "Senator James Buckley Room." The liberals' reaction bordered on insanity. Our position was and is that any club should be able to name *any* room by *any* name without anybody's permission. The project was so successful that the Assistant Principal was referring to Room 303 as the "Senator James Buckley Room" in his morning announcements for YAF meetings!

We kept the Center Stairway for you. It was formally named as the "William F. Buckley Lounge." It's actually the landing between the 2nd and 3rd floors. It's here that every morning we tape on the wall all the news items which the *New York Times* and our own *Sentry* do not think fit to print. We got our idea for a "daily" newspaper from none other than the Red Guards in China. Instead of Chinese characters, we used rolls of newsprint (gotten from a local printer) and printed in

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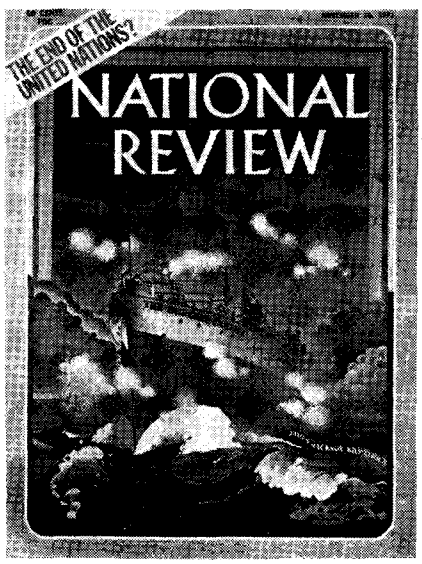
large letters interesting and provocative statements from "Letters to the Editors," newspaper stories, Gallup polls, etc., that gave the conservative point of view on anything and everything! Our greatest source of info came from NATIONAL REVIEW magazine and *Bulletin*. After a while, we had the entire wall, 20′ x 30′, covered with news items. The first reaction of the administration and some of the more liberal faculty was "concern for the students" walking down the stairs. This turned to concern for "obscenities—graffiti." When this problem did not occur, we began to get competition. And answers to our "quotes, letters, statements, etc." Once the students got involved, the Wall became a focal point for daily debates on Vietnam, elections and everything else. Some of the more liberal teachers actually took their classes on "mini field-trips" from their classrooms to the Wm. Buckley Lounge to read and comment on the "outrageous" positions that Mac YAF took. We took this as our greatest compliment.

How would you like a high school named after you? Well, you come up to MacArthur High School *any* school day you say next year and give a talk in our school as guest of Mac's YAF and we promise a) to assure you an audience of two thousand students and teachers, and b) we'll name every room and *every* floor of MacArthur H.S. after you.

Yours truly,
Tony Di Napoli

Dear Mr. Di Napoli: An inspiring tale! Could you manage to have the chapel named after me? With all the best,

—WFB



■ NATIONAL REVIEW Art Director James O'Bryan was awarded a prize by Creativity '72 for this Nov. 19, 1971 cover design.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You might title this "How A Child's Mind Works On Some of McGovern's Proposals."

I am an eleven year old girl, and I dreamed that I was at a political meeting with President Nixon, Senator Muskie, and Senator McGovern.

McGovern proposed that select group of welfare recipients live at the White House. In order to do this, he said, we could build on a wing and they could live in style.

Naturally I came up with some famously brilliant idea that totally stumped him, but now as I think about it, McGovern would naturally want them to live in comfort. So, in my dream each family would have to have a maid, so they could live in luxery. And since it was the White House, maintenance men and gardiners would have to take care of the grounds. And imagine the cost of just building on the addition and repair costs. Of course all this is only a dream, but I wouldn't put it past McGovern.

I sent this in because I thought it might be a good topic for one of your articles.

Sincerely,
Amber Edwards
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the June 9, 1972 "Letters" you published a letter in rebuttal to one printed in the April 14, 1972 "Notes & Asides" dealing with ". . . the dearth of conservative material for the blind . . ."

I have available a cassette master half-track duplicating system along with a recording capability and would be willing to record "the main portions" of NATIONAL REVIEW for distribution to the blind—"any blind, even political science students." This would, of course, have to be at a nominal fee, paying for the cassette and the time for recording and such duplicating as is necessary. There would would be no attempt to sell recorder-players to any blind wanting these tapes. In fact, there will be NO exploitation of the blind, rather, a genuine desire to make available to them the conservative point of view.

Therefore, may I have permission to duplicate any or all of NATIONAL REVIEW for distribution to these blind who would be interested. I'm thinking along the lines of a recorded subscription for the blind to your magazine rather than piecemeal efforts.

Very truly yours,
Robert F. Pleunik, Principal
Butler Elementary School

Dear Mr. Pleunik: Permission granted. Good luck to you. Yours cordially,

—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It is reported that one of the smaller minorities among the supporters of George McGovern will soon formally organize.

It will be called ADULTS FOR MCGOVERN.

A. T. Short
Westfield, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Short: Who would apply? **—WFB**

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Irrelevant, Incompetent, Immaterial

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

PUBLIC discussion of national defense features an imposing array of statistics, technical language, charts and graphs. Whether you want our strategic weapons to be doubled or cut in half, you will deploy in support of your proposal a multitude of warheads, first strikes, megatons, ULMS, launch vehicles, electronic countermeasures, FOBS, probability ratios, MIRVs, casualty estimates, alternative scenarios, MAD and loss acceptability projections. And you present your case in the form of a rational, scientific analysis proceeding from the military facts to a logical conclusion.

Genuinely rational and scientific discussion by qualified persons normally leads to a consensus that on the basis of the evidence at hand one conclusion is more probable than the alternatives. In cases where the evidence is scarce or very complicated or seemingly conflicting, there may be a difference of opinion, but this difference will be based solely on the evidence and analysis. The makeup of the "two sides"—for and against a particular conclusion—will be random so far as the personal characteristics of the disputants is concerned. That is, you would not find (if the discussion were genuinely rational) that the dispute would divide blacks from whites, Catholics from Protestants, radicals from reactionaries, young from old, rich from poor, or X from Y, since objective evidence and logic do not discriminate on the basis of race, color, creed, sex, class, or nationality.

In the matter of national defense, we find no consensus among the presumably qualified persons or the obviously unqualified rest of us. People who talk or write about national defense are split between two diametrically opposed conclusions: 1) We need more and better arms. 2) We have too many arms and should cut down.

If we examine the makeup of the two sides (let us designate them "armers" and "disarmers") we see that the division is not in the least random. The armer-disarmer line is identical with a Right-Left ideological line, the same ideological line that divides opinion on most other public issues.

Get Thee behind Me, Reason

This proves that in spite of its verbal form the arms debate is *not* a rational, technical-scientific discussion concerning the numbers, composition, and effectiveness of weapons systems. The technical jargon, the equations and syllogisms are ceremonial trappings, screening what is in reality at issue. The arguments of the two sides are in reality expressing different views about Russians (and Chinese), about the nature of Communist states and of nations in general, about human nature, history and value priorities. Behind the arguments there can also be heard the clash of multiple opposing interests.

The disarmers are really saying things like: The Russians are "just like us" and "want the same things." "Only a madman would start a nuclear war." The Soviet people want to devote their energies to raising their standard of living, not building ICBMs. Communist governments are no longer revolutionary or aggressive. The cold war is over, and was maybe our fault anyway. War is outmoded—"no one profits any longer from war." "The people" in all countries want peace and a better life. If the U.S. shows by reducing its arms that it has no aggressive intentions, other nations will follow its example. Support of the UN will enable men to straighten out global difficulties. They are also saying: We do not like or trust the hard-nosed, unimaginative, inflexible types that are prominent among the military, the military-industrial complex, and the pro-arms crowd. We prefer our fellow idealists, intellectuals, and progressives with eyes on the possibilities of the future, not on the mistakes of the past. And we want the power and money represented by the defense program switched from their hands to ours.

The armers are guided by an antithetical script. Whatever the Russian people are like, the Soviet regime under which they live is aggressive by its structure, its doctrine and its practice. History shows that all nations, ours included, get into wars from time to time. War may not be a sensible enterprise, but human beings have never limited themselves to sensible enterprises; and the one thing undoubtedly worse than fighting a war is losing a war. However much Communism has changed, nothing in the conduct of the Communist nations demonstrates that we can assume their permanently peaceful intentions toward us. The UN has consistently proved its impotence in dealing with war. We must prepare for trouble, even while hoping to avoid it—that will in fact be the best way to avoid or minimize it. Moreover, we don't want to put the fate of our nation and ourselves in the power of the idealists, intellectuals and progressive dreamers of The Dream; we want to have some of the hard-nosed types around and equipped, in case of emergency.

Choose Your Syndrome

These two syndromes, not the elaborate statistical, technical and scientific façade, are the real, though usually unacknowledged, premises for the two opposing conclusions reached in the arms dispute. Who has ever been induced to change sides on the arms issue by a comparative analysis of missile strength, ABMs, nuclear submarines, warheads etc.? The most such analyses ever do is to make us feel better about the side we have already joined. If you share the disarmers' syndrome, why would you worry even if you believed the Soviet Union had a first-strike capability? And obviously the armers' syndrome won't permit you to be complacent even if the figures show our warheads to be lots bigger and better than theirs.

The content of the syndromes is not technical but historical, psychological, moral and philosophic. Perhaps we could make the arms debate more productive by shifting it from the technical surface to the philosophic substance. But that substance sinks very deep indeed. Perhaps in the end it is really a question of which side is on top. □

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MIAMI BEACH

A new King has risen in Miami, King Reform. But much that was done in his name was Sham. Mr. Kilpatrick explains why and how McGovern won, and hazards a guess as to who will be Numero Uno in November

Through the Hibiscus, Dimly

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

A LITTLE after 8 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, July 11, John W. McCormack came before the Democratic Convention of 1972. He stood at the rostrum like an aging heron on a cypress stump, white-haired, gaunt-eyed. Behind him, at eighty, were sixty years of distinguished service to his party; before him, a sea of indifference. So might the last of the pterodactyls have surveyed the primeval swamps.

One thought in this amber moment of how it would have been in the bad old days, a couple of conventions ago. It would have meant something then, the farewell appearance of a Grand Old Man. The Massachusetts delegation would have led the hall in a boozy parade, the standards dipping and the hokum rising, while an Irish tenor bellowed and two chiefs from the plasterers' union performed a clog in the aisles. Such a demonstration would have wound up, maybe twenty or thirty minutes after it started, in one of those fortissimo finales that a trumpet player lives for, but the time would not have been wasted: Down below the rostrum, untouched by the smarmy sentiment above, the party chieftains would have been rigging the very next vote.

Not so at Miami Beach. It is a fair guess that one-third to a half of the delegates had never heard of John W. McCormack, lately retired as Speaker of the House. They could not exactly place the name. The old gentleman spoke for maybe ten minutes, competing hoarsely against a swelling babble of conversation in the hall. There came a pattering of perfunctory applause, and when we looked up the stump was vacant and the heron was gone.

For the past two years, party spokesmen had been saying the Convention of '72 would be different, unlike the debacle of '68. Was it in fact different? The answer, perhaps, is yes and no. Beyond question, a new king has arisen: King Reform. The party has been taken over by a generation that knew not McCormack. The platform vibrates in strange ways to old Populist pitches. New rules have replaced the old order. The candidates, George McGovern and Tom Eagleton, are not easily compared to Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie. Yes. The differences are numerous, significant, and for the Republicans, profoundly worrisome.

Yet many of the changes are merely cosmetic. More precisely, they are sham —sham in the sense of fraud, in the sense of forged paper. The new democracy is not democracy; it is something else. I cannot put a word to it. And the notion ought to be instantly abandoned that the controlling forces of 1972 are any less political, or any less concerned with power, than the forces they put to rout. As a Virginia statesman used to say, whenever a bad bill crept back to the floor in new trimmings, some of the changes are thinly disguised: One perceives the same old 'coon with another ring around his tail.

Orchestrated Dissent

The Convention, viewed simply as a convention, was nothing much to remember. Miami Beach did its best, and that best is very good. The city is possessed of a faintly improbable newness, as if it had been assembled fresh every morning from one of those model kits that lie by the Christmas tree. Down Collins Avenue, as far as the eye can see, the layer-cake hotels rise row on row, perfectly iced, cream and vanilla, lifting their fudgy tops above the caramel sand. The city benefits from what must be the best sanitation department in the world, and its crews are aided by a benevolent providence that produces a cleansing shower every morning on demand. All in all, a nice town.

The city fathers had been warned, long before the Convention assembled, that they could expect trouble from dissident groups. Abundant preparations were made. Some three thousand police officers heard lectures in crowd control; 850 of them, assigned to front-line duty, received additional "cognitive input": They read *Do It!*, by Jerry Rubin. Behind the police were three thousand National Guardsmen, kept discreetly out of sight; and behind the

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Guardsmen, in bivouacs 25 miles away, a thousand professional soldiers awaited a call to arms.

The trouble never came. Pursuant to summit agreement, reached by the cops, the Convention leaders, and the birds of stormy passage, an understanding was entered into: The cops would not enforce the law strictly, and the dissenters would not break the law badly. They subdivided the turf of Flamingo Park with the judicious care of a zoning commission—here the Jesus Freaks, there the Massachusetts Gays. On the Friday night before the Convention began, we watched with admiring eyes the perfect conjunction of law and disorder: Fifty young bucks and half a dozen girls, all of them mother naked, frolicked for a time in the municipal pool. The nudity brought no restraint, but efforts to dive from the high board, with other swimmers in the way, evoked the lifeguard's whistle.

Such was the regimentation of flaming independence that the protest marches, few as they were, went off as nicely as a halftime show. Monday evening, by way of example, began with a 6:45 stroll by the Free Cuba forces. They were followed up Washington Street by a wedding procession of Gay Liberationists, intent on performing certain rites of matrimony before the gates of Convention Hall. The happy couple departed to be replaced by Vietnam Veterans against the War. After a time there appeared the Farm Workers, inveighing the evils of non-union lettuce. Periodically came the lonesome band of Jesus Freaks, lugging their cross around the half-mile block. No group interfered with another. By 8 o'clock, when the postcard sun departed in an oleander twilight, the dissenters had almost disappeared. They had gone back to Flamingo Park, where most were smoking pot, and some were drinking beer, and a few were frying chicken. The city thoughtfully had provided, as a part of its politesse, two 24-hole portable johns, one known as Mr. and one known as Ms.

There were, to be sure, some anxious moments. Sunday evening, in a regrettable lapse of decorum, a hundred demonstrators knocked down a few sections of fence. Later in the week, a larger band of angry students, rightly suspecting that McGovern's snow-white purity had succumbed to tattle-tale gray, boarded the decks of the Doral Hotel and put their man to the plank. All through the week, the professional poor people, fat as beer barrels, waddled ominously from meeting to meeting, belching their rumbles of deep discontent.

But of disruption, there was none. Compared to Chicago '68, this was a Girl Scout picnic. One of the reasons was the fence, which after a time assumed a kind of symbolic meaning. As a part of their preparation, the city fathers had erected this chain-link barricade, ten feet high, around the whole of the vast convention block. And then, in a burst of inspiration, they had planted it just inside with flowering hibiscus. As the demonstrators gathered on the one side, the police politely deployed on the other. Night after night they studied each other through the hibiscus, dimly, galvanized steel and petaled flowers, sometimes rapt, sometimes bored, unreachably linked by a landscaped wall.

Delegates out of IBM

So, too, inside the hall. The new rules of delegate selection effectively wrought their peculiar spell. We were regaled by statistics.

RECORD NUMBER OF WOMEN TO PARTICIPATE IN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

1972 is a record year for women at the Democratic National Convention. Thirty-six per cent of the delegates will be women—a substantial increase over the 1968 Convention's 13 per cent; 1960's 11 per cent and 1964's 13 per cent.

DIGGS CITES DRAMATIC CHANGES IN MINORITY REPRESENTATION

"The Democratic Party has taken the step toward becoming the People's Democratic Party, changing from the exclusive, rich, almost totally white club of political power brokers," declared Congressman Charles Diggs of Michigan, in announcing dramatic changes in the representation of minorities at the 1972 Convention versus 1968.

There will be some 450 black delegates and 226 alternates in Miami compared with about half that number at the 1968 Convention.

1972 DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION
NEWS DESK
FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL
673-7767

ADD DELEGATE STATISTICS

WOMEN	38%
MEN	62%
WHITE	80%
BLACK	14%
OTHERS	6%
UNDER 25	13%
OVER 65	4%
UNION LEADERS	5%
HOUSEWIVES	13%
TEACHERS	10%

NEW DELEGATIONS SEE LATINOS UP, ETHNICS DOWN

The 1972 Democratic National Convention will see close to a 200 per cent increase in the number of Spanish-speaking delegates (referred to statistically as "Latino") over 1968. The Puerto Rico delegates are 100 per cent Latino, New Mexico is next with 35 per cent, and Colorado follows with 30 per cent. Montana leads in the percentage of Indians (15 per cent), followed by Alaska (10 per cent), and Washington (6 per cent).

There are fewer "ethnic" delegates than there were in 1968—perhaps 750 or eight hundred compared to over one thousand at Chicago, according to Andrew J. Valuchek, special assistant to the chairman for nationalities affairs. This is the most difficult group to fit into the reform rules, he says, because they do not represent minority groups, a smaller proportion of them are under thirty, and the women are by tradition less publicly oriented than other American women.

The Computer Is Pleased

Now, this was the sham; this was the fraud, these were the forged papers. The entire Democratic Convention was predicated upon an obsession with an egalitarianism of remarkable lineage, out of Karl Marx by way of IBM. It was at once socialist and inhuman—socialist in the sense that it sought to eliminate all traces of a political elite, inhuman in the sense that it reduced human beings to punch-cards.

This was the new politics. Even the *Congressional Quarterly*, which ordinarily preserves an utterly deadpan objectivity, caught the insidious bug. In 1968, reported *CQ*, "middle-aged white men were represented far beyond their incidence in the general population." The operative verb is "represented," a tricky verb of multiple meanings, but here in Miami the meanings merged into one: Middle-aged white males can

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be represented fairly only by middle-aged white males. No black can represent a white, no man a woman, no youth an older person. Such a theory demands a repudiation of the concept of representative government; it treats persons not as persons, whole and entire, but as fractions of persons, pigeonholed, slotted, and filed. In the data banks of this new society, competence does not compute. Experience is not programed. The machine asks of a delegate only, IS IT BLACK? YES? NO? IS IT UNDER THIRTY? YES? NO? SPEAKS IT SPANISH? YES? NO?

The vice of the Illinois delegation was that it failed to follow the printout. The delegation was short on women, short on blacks, short on young. Mike Royko of the *Chicago Daily News*, in a brilliant column addressed to Alderman Bill Singer, leader of the anti-Daley slate, exposed the brummagem scheme. "As I looked over the names of your delegates," wrote Royko, "I saw something peculiar. There's only one Italian name there. Are you saying that only one of every 59 Democratic votes cast in a Chicago election is cast by an Italian? And only three have Polish names. Does that mean that only 5 per cent of Chicago's voting Democrats are of Polish ancestry?"

Mayor Daley didn't have a perfect balance, Royko observed, but "his delegates come much closer to reflecting the people who vote as Democrats in Chicago than yours do."

Well, the computer prevailed and Mayor Daley lost. More than 80 per cent of the delegates were attending their first national convention. They included an eighteen-year-old high-school senior from Vermont, a pipefitter from Georgia, a Black Panther from Tennessee, an Indian auto mechanic from Arizona, and a Mrs. Dudley W. Dudley, 35, housewife, from New Hampshire. Each of them computed, nicely representing youth, middle-aged, blacks, women and 6 per cent others. The computer, on being interviewed, professed to be pleased, but modestly promised to do better next time.

Classes Condemned

It is important to say a word—it would produce a poor precedent to say much more—about the party platform. It is a rule in these affairs that in the building of a party image, the platform is termite-ridden by disbelief before the structure gets under roof. The delegates don't read it; the candidate seldom heeds it; once committed to print, a platform commands veneration but loses importance. It is like entering the House of Lords.

Granted all that; granted, too, that the Democrats' platform of 1972 is in most respects no more than an evolutionary successor to the pithecanthropian populism of 1896, this platform is deeply troubling. Not in its promises; but in its tone. For the tone is the tone of McGovern. His people effectively controlled the Convention; they controlled the platform committee; the final product bears his seal of approval.

The tone is shrill, penetrating, at once familiar and exotic: a C-sharp wrung through a Moog synthesizer. The themes—tax reform, for example—are familiar, but they are played against a Marxian obbligato. Time after time, on page after page, the platform denounces the rich and embraces the poor. Whole classes are condemned: "the wealthy," "the privileged," "landlords," "the corporations." Whole classes are extolled: "tenants," "the workers," "the poor," "the great trade union organizations." If there is one pledge that appears more often than any other, it is a pledge to "redistribute income," to reverse what the platform sees as "a massive shift in the tax burden from the rich to the working people of America." There must be "a more equitable distribution of income." There must be "a more equal distribution of power, income and wealth." Says the platform: "We must restructure the social, political and economic relationships throughout the entire society in order to ensure the equitable distribution of wealth and power."

Some of this, to repeat, is old stuff. Teddy Roosevelt, 65 years ago, was pistol-whipping the trusts and roughly riding the malefactors of great wealth. But one has to seize this document by its four corners. Read whole, in the context of the platform's spread-eagled promises—promises of tax reform, welfare reform, health insurance, income maintenance—the statement breathes

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the fire of smoky torches. In that flickering light, one sees not the image of the old Trust-Buster, but the ghost of a thin-lipped Incorruptible. Something lies beyond the rhetoric, on past the fields of union lettuce, past the fountains of free dentures, free glasses, and free hearing aids, past the flowering baskets of "hard work" and "free enterprise." Burke was equally skeptical of the glorious visions painted by Jacobin and sans-culotte. At the end of their splendid arcades, he saw nothing but the gallows.

Hyperbole? *Peut-être*. What I mean to suggest is that this platform, if it does not move out in wholly new directions, bespeaks a new emphasis and a driving force. And when the platform is coupled to the new politics of delegate selection, and to the new leadership of George McGovern, a better understanding may emerge of why this convention was different, and why it is worrisome.

The New McGovern

The Republican Party will underestimate George McGovern at its peril. Six months ago, such a warning would have seemed laughable. When I covered the candidate in New Hampshire (*NR*, Feb. 18), he stood 3 to 5 per cent in the polls. He had inherited some old Kennedy hands, and they had recruited an amateur army; but at the level of high public office, most of the big names had swung to Edmund Muskie. He was George Who?, a handsome senator from South Somewhere, nice eyes, nice smile, nice easy manner, a good-looker but unknown. His forehead was high but his profile was low. He was then seen as a one-issue man: Get out of Vietnam. And it is regrettably true of one-dimensional concepts that it is hard to see them in the round.

In retrospect, it seems clear that we failed to get a fix on three factors at work. The first was the strength of McGovern's organization; the second was the weakness of his principal opponents; the third was the depth of popular discontent.

The McGovern campaign was a work of consummate generalship, and McGovern himself was commander in chief. Precisely as Patton used to come to the Valley of Virginia, the better to study Jackson's mastery of his outnumbered forces, so the student of political science one day will delight in the classic beauty of the McGovern Coup. Part of the success rested in McGovern's intimate knowledge of the new rules: He had written them. The strategy from the very beginning looked to major battles in Wisconsin, Massachusetts, California and New York. The tactics called for cavalry raids on caucuses and state conventions. George Wallace, who polled more votes, was completely outgeneraled. Humphrey and Muskie never made it to the war. McGovern's youthful army rang more telephones, knocked on more doors, licked more stamps than any such army in recent political history. Meanwhile, through the skilful use of highly computerized mailing lists, McGovern was raising money—big money. When California came, he was ready to throw everything into his effort. And he won.

But McGovern's victory cannot be explained simply in terms of strategy, tactics, organization and money. He could not have made it without a shrewd comprehension of the "dis" elements in our society—disgust, disillusion, disenchantment. He saw this early in terms of the war. He came much later (at least he seemed to come much later) to other areas that George Wallace already had recognized and claimed as his own. Henry "Scoop" Jackson caught the wind in Florida, but he was too late with too little. In this race for comprehension, Hubert Humphrey came in last. Muskie simply dropped out of the running.

Thus we came to Miami, and thus we fell on the opening Monday night into the only suspenseful moment of the whole Convention. It was one of those subtle things, not clearly perceived at the time, not easily explained later, but the roll-call vote on changing the South Carolina delegation tells us something important of McGovern and the men around him.

Ostensibly, the question was whether nine more women should be added to the delegation. McGovern, for all his preachments on women's rights, was indifferent on the issue: The South Carolina delegation, in point of fact, was not that badly out of balance. McGovern's abiding concern was that a critical point of order not be risked on so doubtful a question. Thus it was imperative that, if he could not win by more than 1,509 (an absolute majority of the whole Convention), he lose by less than 1,496 (a majority of those eligible to vote on the South Carolina issue). Those who have known the wild confusion of a convention floor will understand the eye-of-a-needle problem this presented. McGovern put a 27-year-old genius, Rick Stearns, in charge of the operation. Under tremendous pressure, Stearns produced a virtuoso performance. Losing, he won. He switched votes in Wisconsin, Connecticut, Colorado. He reduced Ohio to impotent mumbles. He avoided the point of order, and when the California question came along, a few minutes later, it was all over but the shouting.

There were significant postscripts. Gary Hart, who ranks one-two-three in the McGovern chain of command, was reminded that the candidate earlier had promised to support the challenge "unequivocally." But "unequivocally," Hart gently replied, "never meant at the cost of the nomination." Frank Mankiewicz, the major domo in chief, found himself impaled on a critical TV lens. Had McGovern's people thrown the vote? Mankiewicz responded with a memorable line: "You would have to say it was some kind of a defeat." It was, in fact, a superbly executed maneuver. It was the kind of thing, before be became the Schmuck of the Century, that Bobby Fischer used to do at chess.

These are among the aspects of George McGovern that need to be carefully weighed before the autumn campaign begins. Back in the winter, when he was still politically nothing, we had a stock list of adjectives for him: affable, amiable, calm, cool, diffi-

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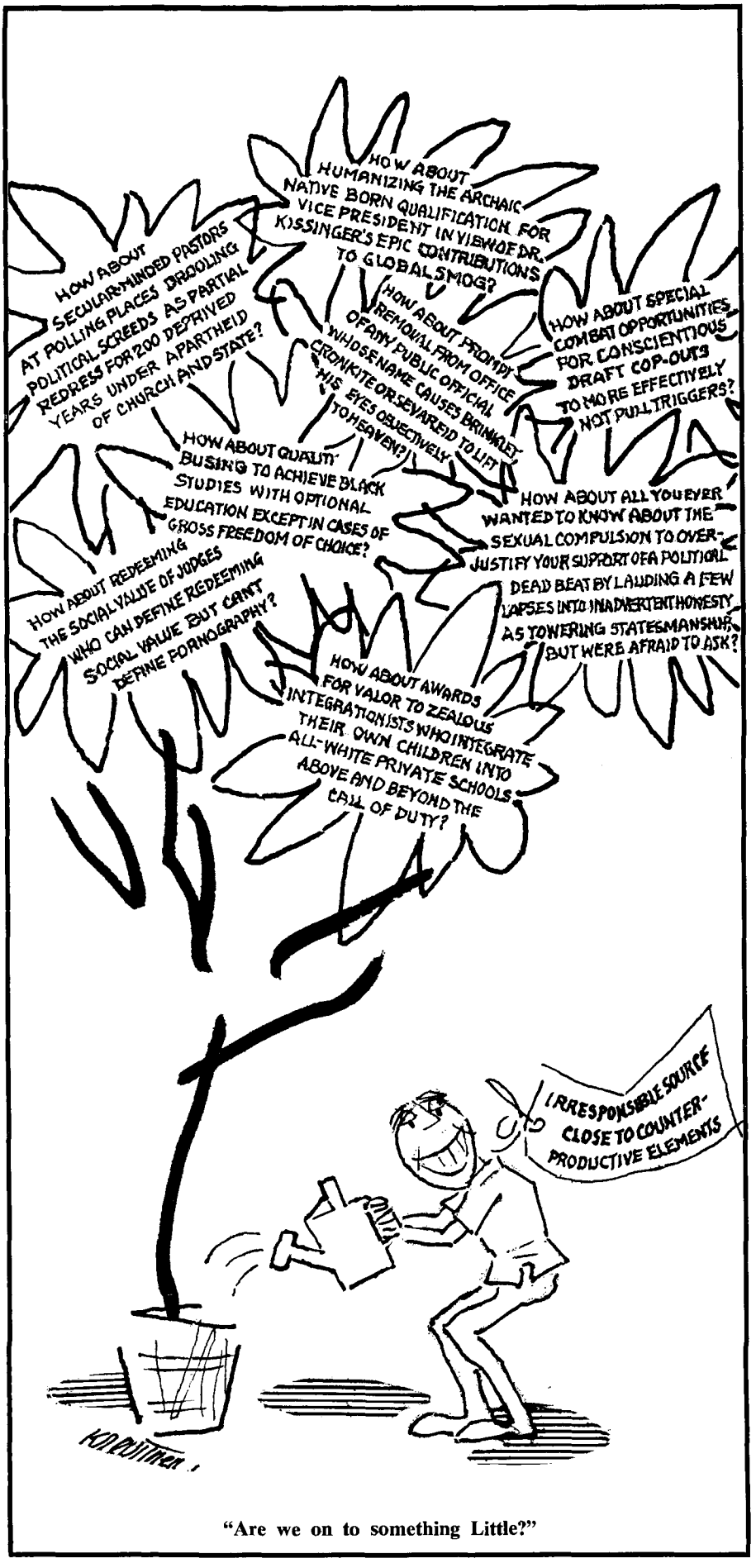
HOW ABOUT HUMANIZING THE ARCHAIC NATIVE BORN QUALIFICATION FOR VICE PRESIDENT IN VIEW OF DR. KISSINGER'S EPIC CONTRIBUTIONS TO GLOBAL SMOG?
HOW ABOUT SECULAR-MINDED PASTORS AT POLLING PLACES DROOLING POLITICAL SCREEDS AS PARTIAL REDRESS FOR 200 DEPRIVED YEARS UNDER APARTHEID OF CHURCH AND STATE?
HOW ABOUT PROMPT REMOVAL FROM OFFICE OF ANY PUBLIC OFFICIAL WHOSE NAME CAUSES BRINKLEY CRONKITE OR SEVAREID TO LIFT HIS EYES OBJECTIVELY TO HEAVEN?
HOW ABOUT SPECIAL COMBAT OPPORTUNITIES FOR CONSCIENTIOUS DRAFT COP-OUTS TO MORE EFFECTIVELY NOT PULL TRIGGERS?
HOW ABOUT QUALITY BUSING TO ACHIEVE BLACK STUDIES WITH OPTIONAL EDUCATION EXCEPT IN CASES OF GROSS FREEDOM OF CHOICE?
HOW ABOUT ALL YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SEXUAL COMPULSION TO OVER-JUSTIFY YOUR SUPPORT OF A POLITICAL DEAD BEAT BY LAUDING A FEW LAPSES INTO INADVERTENT HONESTY AS TOWERING STATESMANSHIP BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK?
HOW ABOUT REDEEMING THE SOCIAL VALUE OF JUDGES WHO CAN DEFINE REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE BUT CAN'T DEFINE PORNOGRAPHY?
HOW ABOUT AWARDS FOR VALOR TO ZEALOUS INTEGRATIONISTS WHO INTEGRATE THEIR OWN CHILDREN INTO ALL-WHITE PRIVATE SCHOOLS ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY?
IRRESPONSIBLE SOURCE CLOSE TO COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE ELEMENTS
KOPPELMAN

"Are we on to something Little?"

dent, dogged, ministerial, pedestrian, preachy, professorial. Mostly we trotted out negatives: unexciting, uninspiring. McGovern today is like the lady in the cigarette ads. He has come a long way, baby, in terms of his speaking style, his self-confidence, the assurance with which he accepts the waiting limousine. This is no barefoot innocent, hayseed in his hair. McGovern comes on like a Westchester parson, well paid by the town's richest church, a great one for marriages, funerals, and picnics of the Epworth League. He leaves an impression of the ultimate Nice Guy, possessed alike of social graces and a social conscience, but there is nothing weak about him. After one sermon in which McGovern denounced concentrations of great wealth, *Time*'s Hugh Sidey made a sniffing moue. "I smell sulfur," he said. So did we all.

McGovern will have his personality going for him. He will have his young organization. He has none of Humphrey's liabilities left over from '68. Tom Eagleton, his attractive running mate, should help the ticket with both Catholics and organized labor. Granted, McGovern left Miami with his party sorely divided, but it ought to be remembered that the Democratic Party is *always* sorely divided. Many of these divisions can be healed or bandaged over.

. . . *But Then Again*

Now, mind: This is not to predict McGovern's victory in November. To defeat an incumbent Richard Nixon, he would have to pull everything miraculously together—the youth vote, the black vote, the poor vote, the war, the economy, the anti-Establishment swelling; and Nixon would have to commit some helpful blunder of his own. It is too much to ask. My guess is that McGovern will be beaten decisively.

The gentleman, after all, is not ten feet tall. He is anathema to the white, conservative South, where a fourth of the electoral votes will be cast. His black support is far from solid. The youth vote, on which so much depends, is by no means in hostage to campus activists. Among Democratic mayors and governors, enthusiasm for McGovern ranges from nil to faint. George Wallace cannot abide him. George

(Continues on page 863)

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News of Reading Reform

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

NEARLY one-third of all Americans aged sixteen years encounter "serious reading difficulties," we are told. Presumably the great majority of those unfortunates will be quasi-literate, at best, for the rest of their lives—that is, unable to read even a daily newspaper with any speed or ready apprehension.

We are told that we ought to rejoice because a national assessment of American schools finds that the illiteracy rate in our schools runs *only* to 20 per cent—on a very soft test. Indeed, perhaps we ought to be surprised that the rate does not run to 50 per cent—considering that our federal Office of Education declares any one approach to reading quite as good as any other approach, an interesting instance of the degradation of the democratic dogma.

Such matters will be intelligently discussed at the Eleventh Annual Reading Reform Foundation Conference, in San Francisco (Hilton Hotel) on July 31 and August 1. It costs only $2 to attend all sessions of that Conference, and information may be obtained from the Reading Reform Foundation, 5720 Williamson Road, Roanoke, Virginia. The agenda includes eight demonstrations of successful reading programs.

The Reading Reform people, a valiant lot, send me news of some progress. Several publishers now distribute sound phonics programs for schools. At the head of the list stand Open Court and Lippincott, the two firms that had the courage and intelligence to provide alternatives to the "look-say" atrocity readers which long dominated American elementary schools. There are newcomers, or revived oldcomers, also, I am happy to relate.

Modern Curriculum Press of Cleveland has *Phonics Is Fun*—an adaptation for public schools of the old Reardon-Baer Christian Child Series, developed by the Catholic diocese of Cleveland a quarter-century ago: thoroughly commendable. The Economy Book Company offers *Keys to Reading*, a good new program. Science Research Associates distributes Engelmann's *Distar*, which enjoys considerable success in inner-city cores. New Dimensions in Education publishes *Alpha One*, employing agreeable fantasy in the service of phonics. There exist several other sound local or specialized reading programs on phonetic principles.

Our enlightened Department of Health, Education and Welfare, nevertheless, and its Office of Education, have not yet discovered that there is only one way of teaching children to read decently—the phonetic method. HEW is pouring millions of dollars into "crash programs" of reading in selected public schools—all money down the drain, one fears. From a reliable secret agent, I have the following report of bureaucratic ineptitude (if it is nothing worse).

In some 450 school districts, my spy upon HEW tells me, that monstrous department is paying for a new kindergarten reading program, got up by the firm of Ginn. "It is horrendously expensive—nearly all 'consumable' material, to be bought again each year. (HEW will continue to fund the program in succeeding years.) Would you believe 52 consumable little books for each child—to teach a grand total of one hundred words during the year! And of course it isn't a phonics program at all, but they have given it a frosting that will look to parents like 'real' phonics. Look-say method's forbidden words, 'sound out this word,' appear a few times here on the worksheets—something parents have not seen for many years in look-say districts. But this is just for the looks: It is not a phonics, or sound-out, approach to reading."

"Really it is a relentlessly repetitious 'sight' approach. The manual firmly instructs teachers and parents to 'tell him the word' every time a child pauses in his reading. Never does it say to help him decode as he reads. In the first eight books—a total of 138 pages—there are just *five* words used! 'I' is repeated 65 times; 'see' is repeated 98 times; 'Sam' is repeated ninety times; 'am' is repeated 31 times; and 'me' (introduced in the eighth book), six times.

"Now it seems to me" (so continues my undercover agent) "that the main thing we must think about is not the fact that HEW is buying this for many school districts—that federal funds put it in Phoenix kindergartens last year etc. What we must look at is the fact that we are heading for an expenditure of millions, or billions, by the Federal Government upon educational materials. And is this the way the money will be spent? Ginn is owned by Xerox now. Will those giant corporations favored by HEW siphon their materials, no matter how ineffective, directly through HEW into this nation's schools?"

Aye, just so. Many scandals have arisen, these past few decades, out of statewide choice and purchase of school textbooks, as in California. (Some textbook firms are said to offer free trips to Hawaii to members of state boards of textbook-selection; other publishers' agents merely contrive to lose a poker game or two to such board members; meanwhile, the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.)

But cheer up: Things could get worse. They will. In its ineptitude, our federal Office of Education promises to be as stupid as all fifty state departments of public instruction combined. (Actually, a few of those state departments are sensible, nowadays.) Also it offers fifty times as much opportunity for honest graft, to employ an old Tammany term. If we reform instruction in reading in this land, that will be accomplished despite the largesse of the federal educationist bureaucracy. □

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THE KOREAS

A New Tightrope Act

GENE GREGORY

ALL THROUGH the cold war, North and South Korea had less to say and to do with each other than any other pair of opponents. The announcement July 4 that the two governments had been holding secret talks, and would work to avoid border incidents, try to unify the country by peaceful means and open a hot-line, therefore, came as a surprise—even in a time when power alignments are shifting and adjusting throughout Asia.

In fact, the rapprochement was inevitable. Even before the announcement that President Nixon would visit Peking raised the prospect of a Sino-American détente, new patterns had begun to take shape in East Asia. The Peking turn merely served to demonstrate vividly that in the coming years a new, multipolar power constellation will be the dominant political reality. It was immediately apparent that the new political order would have an important, perhaps decisive impact on the outcome of the Vietnam conflict. Since Korea is the linchpin of the power balance in East Asia, fundamental changes were also to be expected there.

During the cold war, the foreign policies of North and South Korea were governed by a Korean version of the Hallstein Doctrine. The pattern of Pyongyang's relations with the Communist world, while subject to sporadic changes such as the break with the Soviet Union in 1961, has been one of neutrality in the Sino-Soviet dispute and friendliness with all Communist countries. South Korea, likewise, maintained a special relationship with the United States and rejected all contacts with governments supporting the North. The bipolar world of the cold war has given way to a new pentagon of power, with all three of the major Asian powers—Russia, China and Japan—surrounding Korea involved. The United States and a nascent European power conglomerate are the two Western components. China has emerged from the Cultural Revolution to assume an active role in world politics. The phenomenal growth of its economic power has propelled Japan, reluctantly but inevitably, into the world power arena, where it is destined to play a more independent and influential role.

China is determined to prevent South Korea, where Japanese investments now exceed those of American companies, from becoming a platform for Japanese militaristic revival on the continent, repeating the pattern of the past. On the other hand, both Russia and Japan are worried by the improved relations between Pyongyang and Peking. China and Japan, too, must watch with some uneasiness Seoul's recent flirtations with Moscow and the East European Communist countries. And, just as in the early 1900s, the United States is the referee who will try to make certain that none of Korea's big neighbors attempts to neutralize the threat posed by others by securing for itself a predominance on the peninsula.

IN THIS context last fall's military agreement between China and North Korea assumes special import. Prior to this agreement (under which Peking will provide an undisclosed amount of free military aid) the North Koreans had received no major military aid from China since the 1950s. Under agreements signed in 1965 and 1967, the Soviets have provided sizable quantities of equipment to the North Korean army, including jets and surface-to-air missiles.

According to the London Institute of Strategic Studies report for 1971-1972, the North Korean air force has about one hundred MiG-21 and four MiG-19 interceptors, in addition to a large assortment of Soviet designed and manufactured bombers, fighter-bombers, transports and helicopters. The North Korean air-defense forces are believed to be equipped with about two thousand anti-aircraft guns and thirty SAM-2 "Guideline" surface-to-air missile sites, with about 150 missiles. The agreement with China probably provides for deliveries of Chinese designed and produced MiG-21 interceptors, although it is likely that for other sophisticated military equipment the North Koreans will continue to turn to Moscow.

North Korea's Chief of Staff, O Chin-u, has claimed that "the red worker-peasant militia, the red youth guards and other armed organizations are well-equipped with modern weapons and powerful combat and technical material." Much of this weaponry is produced by the domestic armament industry, developed at excruciating cost after the Sino-Soviet dispute cast shadows of uncertainty over North Korea's sources of military supply. (It was precisely the massive allocations of resources to the weapons industry, a move which put great strain on the economy in general, that forced the regime to postpone fulfillment of the Seven Year Plan [1961-1967] for an additional three years.)

While the new military agreement is clearly a sign of Pyongyang's continued preoccupation with military preparedness, the agreement itself and the recent shift in emphasis of North Korean propaganda reflect the changing balance of power in East Asia.

In recent months, although still alleging that "U.S. imperialism is intensifying its plots of aggression and war in Asia," North Korean leaders have hinted that the danger of a direct confrontation with the United States has passed. President Nixon is depicted as carrying a white flag to Peking, while, as part of his new strategy, the United States will rely chiefly on the strategy of "using Asians to fight Asians." Accordingly, Pyongyang today appears to be mainly preoccupied with the bogey of "Japanese militarism" which, General O Chin-u charged in Peking recently, seeks "to revive its fond dream of 'the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.'"

While it is quite natural that the North Koreans should be disturbed by the contribution of Japanese investment and trade to the economic mini-miracle in South Korea, recent evidence of new strains in their relationship with the Soviet Union indicates some interesting, unexpected changes in power relationships.

In March 1970 North Korea recalled

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its scientists and technicians from a joint Soviet-North Korean geophysical survey of the Sea of Japan. The ostensible reason was a Soviet move to include Japanese scholars in the project. Last fall the North Koreans once again expressed dissatisfaction with Moscow, this time over an unprecedented instance of Soviet-South Korean contact. While the admission of a Soviet citizen in the person of Igor Aleksandrovich Neto, an unobtrusive coach to the Iranian football team, was far from being a parallel with Peking's prowess in ping-pong diplomacy, a noticeable thaw in South Korea's heretofore frigid relations with the Communist world has clearly set in. First signs of warmer relations came early last year when South Korean Foreign Minister Kyo-hah Choi told Western journalists that his government had decided to take steps to promote economic exchanges with Communist countries which it regards as "non-hostile." Special restrictions were to continue to apply to those countries which the South Korean government continues to regard as "hostile"—the USSR, China, North Korea, North Vietnam and Cuba.

East Europeans, on the lookout for new markets, were not slow to react to South Korea's overtures. Within weeks, a Rumanian foreign trade enterprise asked the Korean Chamber of Commerce to help them find an agent in Seoul to distribute a wide variety of electrical products. The Rumanian request came one week after a Yugoslav approach concerning trade contacts, and an announcement by Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade Woo-keun Kim that two South Korean companies had already filled import orders for garments from Czechoslovakia.

PYONGYANG RESPONDED to these reports by the entirely unexpected exchange of diplomatic representatives at the ambassadorial level with Belgrade in September. Taking advantage of the recent rapid improvement in China's relations with Belgrade, the North Koreans decided to end their longstanding political and commercial boycott of Tito's Yugoslavia. The re-establishment of relations with Belgrade coincides with other North Korean actions reflecting a broader-based neutral stance.

Referring to changes in the world political scene as a result of President Nixon's trip to Peking, Kim Il Sung told *Asahi Shimbun* recently that "under such a situation, our foreign policy will constantly maintain good relations with friendly nations. When the trend is toward the easing of tensions, we have no intentions of pursuing policies which go against the current situation." Apart from an indicated willingness to switch from confrontation to dialogue with South Korea, Pyongyang has given further evidence that Kim meant what he had said.

In February, North Korea, after sounding out Japanese financial circles on the possibility of sending an economic mission to Japan to discuss conditions for obtaining plant, equipment and Japanese technical aid, signed a "private" five-year pact with a visiting delegation of legislators. Further afield, the North Koreans have been making what the *Financial Times* calls a "determined effort" to step up trade with Britain, spearheaded by a visit to London of an official delegation from the Korea Council for the Promotion of International Trade.

In the final analysis, however, the easing of tensions on the Korean peninsula depends largely on Washington's ability to convince Moscow, Peking and Tokyo that its continued presence in South Korea represents an element of stability and a guarantee of peace in East Asia, and hence the necessary assurances for each of the three Asian superpowers that Korea will not be used against it.

THE EMERGING Sino-American détente would seem to make it easier for the United States to shift to the role of peacemaker in Korea. It seems to be growing clear to North Korea, as it apparently has to South Korea, that amicable relations with all three Asian powers are essential to Korea's survival and to stability and peace in East Asia. If Washington succeeds in maintaining cordial relations with the three powers on Korea's periphery, the United States can spare Korea a suffocating geopolitical encirclement and help assure a delicate balance of power in East Asia.

There is, however, some question whether United States foreign relations can be conducted with the discretion and logical elegance that are essential in any international balance-of-power system. Given the turbulence, emotionalism and neo-isolationism that marks current foreign-policymaking in Washington, there is the unsettling danger that American policymakers will, as did President Theodore Roosevelt after the Russo-Japanese war, leave the scene for each of Korea's neighbors to attempt to neutralize the threat posed by the others in the simplest way: taking over the peninsula.

Uncertainties surrounding America's future posture in Asia have forced political leaders who once considered their security to be best assured by alliance with the United States to discount solutions contingent on a continued American presence and to seek other alternatives. Quite clearly, Seoul's recent overtures to Moscow and East European Communist countries and the rapprochement with Pyongyang are attempts to hedge against the possibility that Washington will once more—if only by default—throw its weight behind Japanese hegemony in Korea. There is also every indication that the Japanese themselves would resent being pushed in this direction by the failure of the United States to shoulder its critical role in assuring the balance of power in East Asia, or its failure to play that role with all the competence and finesse it demands. □

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ARGENTINA ON THE SKIDS

Revolution or Steaks?

SELDEN RODMAN

ONE DAY not long ago as I was guiding Jorge Luis Borges over a fragmented sidewalk in downtown Buenos Aires, the blind poet turned to me with a characteristic smile and said: "This country is certainly going to the dogs, isn't it!"

The same observation, in a variety of ways, was made to me by every Argentine I talked to. Services are breaking down. Businesses are failing. Unemployment is rising. Rents are skyrocketing. Strikes seem endemic. Urban terrorists kidnap rich victims with almost as much impunity as the Tupamaros across the river in Uruguay. Nobody has a good word to say about the government of General Alejandro Agustin Lanusse. And even the Perónists, who still make up almost 50 per cent of the voting public, are so divided they can't decide whether they want their aging hero back from Madrid or would prefer to conduct the "coming revolution" against the "corrupt militarists" with *El Lider* conveniently abroad where he can serve as either symbol or scapegoat.

Another big problem is that this city, with more than a third of the nation's population, "imperializes" the rest of the country. And yet, as another poet (a Scotch one, this time) said to me with as much truth: "Is there a pleasanter city anywhere for a foreigner to live in these days?" The climate is not too hot and not too cold. Buenos Aires still has a tarnished grandeur that makes it almost as comfortable a city to walk in and look at as Paris. The food is superb and incredibly cheap. The waiters must be the most efficient and polite in the world. The taxidrivers are almost as polite, and their cabs are cheap too.

So why is the nation grinding to a halt? It seems to be unsalvageable, most observers from right to left agree, without a violent revolution. What went wrong? A generation ago Argentina was not only the most prosperous country in Latin America but the one with the most democratic institutions, the freest press, the liveliest culture. Everyone but the diehard Perónists agrees that the trouble began with Perón.

In the early 1930s Argentina was on a par with Canada and Australia: The eighth country in the world in per capita income. Today it ranks *thirty-fifth*. From a nation that worked to produce, Perón turned it into a nation that looked to the government to solve all its problems. Politically, Argentina had never had a workable majority party, and Perón tried to create one out of organized labor, small business and the military. When the military sided with big business and forsook him, he turned to labor and (as FDR had, via collective bargaining) changed the income-distribution pattern. But the difference was that Argentine labor was *bought*; it never had to fight for its rights. And neither did small business. Perón told the rising middle class that he'd take care of them, to go right ahead and consume away their savings. As a result both sectors became weak—too weak to resist the authoritarian military.

THE LEADERSHIP of the labor movement is responsible and middle-class oriented, but the rank and file has suffered so terribly from the inflation (40 per cent in 1971, 11 per cent *more* in the first month of 1972 alone) that it demands a firmer stand against the government—which controls almost half of industry in Argentina—even if this means prolonged strikes; and the conservative leadership knows that if it doesn't go along it will lose control.

Although per capita income is still twice as high as Brazil's, Brazil surges forward as Argentina retreats. The reason is that whereas in Brazil the rate of growth is being fed back into the economy via savings (including labor's), in Argentina all the money goes into consumption, capital flight ("We're the most nationalistic country in the world, and the least patriotic"), and hedges against further inflation. Because there is no majority consensus and all the parties (including Perón's) are fragmented, the country's direction is constantly changing. And this lack of stability is reflected in both the low rate of investment and the lack of continuity in government. President Onganía fell in 1970 because his austerity program was unpopular. President Levingston fell the next year because his economic nationalism discouraged foreign investment and caused further unemployment and inflation. Lanusse is trying a little of both policies, and covering up his failure with image-building flights à la Nixon to try to convince his countrymen that he is pals with the leftists Salvador Allende and the two Velascos governing Peru and Ecuador as well as with General Médici (the specter of Brazilian "imperialism" is beginning to overshadow the traditional American one). Yet when Lanusse tries to bring back a little of the badly needed American investment capital that has shifted to booming Brazil, the more nationalistic Argentine generals veto it: Foreign refineries can't compete with the subsidized YPF; Dow Chemical's offer to build a petrochemical complex in the south costing hundreds of millions was rejected just as it had been under Levingston.

Lanusse does recognize that Perón's huge following (shut out since 1955) must somehow be brought back into the body politic. So he has pledged free, honest elections for 1973. But would the anti-Perónist army accept a Perónist victory? (It was the fear of a takeover by APRA, the corresponding populist movement in Peru, that caused the military to abolish democratic government in that country four years ago.) The power of the military Establishment here is stupendous. The generals own apartment buildings, supermarkets, huge *estancias* in the country, real estate in Mar del Plata, small industries. They are the only class permitted by law to retire on full pay—and take other jobs while receiving it!

I had an opportunity to talk to an active Argentine leftist, and also to an

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The Artist as a Black American, *the story of Horace Pippin, written by Mr. Rodman and illustrated by his wife, Carole Cleaver, has just been brought out by Doubleday. Mr. Rodman is now at work on* Conversations with Authors.

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intellectual who thinks Argentina's most menacing problem is American influence. It didn't surprise me that the activist was less anti-American than the intellectual. The former did say that the the two enemies Perón had made and who supported the army when it overthrew him were the big English rancheros and the industrialists who had built Argentine light industry with his help. He thought that underdeveloped countries like Argentina would never catch up in the classic capitalist pattern because they have no way of making "the machines that make machines." "A Fiat," he said, "is made here at two-and-a-half times the cost of one made in Italy." This gap was also widened, he thought, by Perón's failure to take over what heavy industry there was, socializing only non-crucial communications and oil. "We shouldn't try to close this industrial gap," he continued, "but should resign ourselves to living on a poorer level, concentrating rather on closing the gap between the rich and the poor. Every party in Argentina promises to resolve this enormous inequity, and since they all fail to do anything about it, popular disbelief in electoral promises is now total. That is why civil war in this decade is inevitable, and in fact has already begun with the terrorists moving from the *campo* to the capital. When the *Porteños* [citizens of Buenos Aires] see the Establishment tearing up the streets to make a showcase for themselves and their foreign friends, their fury at this waste of their taxes plays right into the hands of the guerrillas.

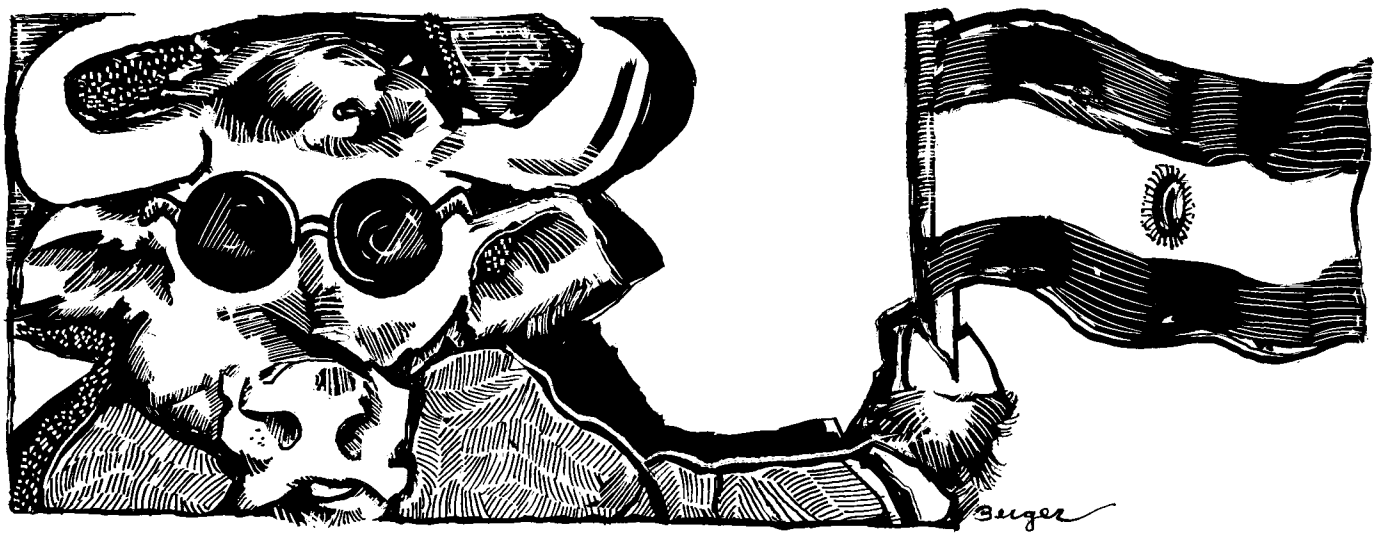
"There won't be a Popular Front as in Chile, either," he went on, "because the Communist Party here is even more reactionary than the Chilean one and is so discredited it has almost vanished; sooner or later, therefore, the parties of the extreme Left will coalesce and take over. No one takes Lanusse's effort to legalize Perónism seriously. It's too obvious that he wants to make himself the new Perón. But he doesn't have what it takes. Neither did Perón, for that matter! Everyone knows that Evita Perón, with her hatred of the elite who snubbed her and called her a tart, was the radicalizing force behind her husband. As soon as she died, Perón became a second-class *caudillo*. About what Lanusse is now."

MY INTELLECTUAL friend thought that Argentina, "like Mexico," is being undermined by our corrupting presence. "Latin America," he insisted, "can never come into its own until every last American is chased out. *The ability to forget the past and live only for the present is the most significant Latin American characteristic*. To talk about Argentine 'problems,' as if they could respond to rational solutions, is North American idiocy. There are no 'problems' here, only a process. They call you '*los chambones*' (the bunglers) with good reason. You taught us to work hard and make things in factories, kept all the managerial positions, and took 90 per cent of the profits."

"You really believe that?" I laughed.

"Of course. There's a fundamental resistance to democracy in Latin America because Latin Americans rightly suspect it's only a cover-up for your penetration."

"Nonsense!" said an American friend who has lived in Argentina for years without losing his spirit, when I relayed this rhetoric to him. "The trouble with Argentina is that no one will any longer take the responsibility for anything. Can you imagine those jackhammers drilling the torn-up street below us till 3 A.M. anywhere in the United States? No one would stand for it! So they're 'living in the present'? What a present! And what a rundown, foreign-imported, bureaucratized city he's raving about over in that tidy, upper-class, old-world corner of Buenos Aires he lives in! Argentines pride themselves on being disorganized. They have no pride at all in workmanship. Nor do they have any freedom of expression. They've had this state of siege for years. No demonstrations permitted. They can search your house, arrest you without a warrant, even torture you without any lawyer being able to interfere. Your friend rails against the Vietnam war, but can you imagine our peace movement—the best organized, most effective in history—being permitted in any of these countries? No," he concluded, "their only real culture, except for Borges, is the stomach. They all have liver trouble from this tremendous intake of meat without vegetables."



I REMEMBERED now the activist saying to me sadly, just as I was leaving, that the revolution he hoped for would never occur until the middle class has been entirely wiped out by the inflation.

"Even if the supply of steaks were cut off?" I'd asked him jokingly.

"If *that* ever happened," he'd conceded, "there'd be a revolution the same day." □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Law, Morality and William Rickenbacker

GILBERT MEILAENDER JR.

BOSWELL HAS recorded for us the following observation of Dr. Johnson:

> I am clear that the best plan for the government of India is a despotick governour; for if he be a good man, it is evidently the best government; and supposing him to be a bad man, it is better to have one plunderer than many. A governour whose power is checked, lets others plunder, that he himself may be allowed to plunder; but if despotick, he sees that the more he lets others plunder, the less there will be for himself, so he restrains them; and though he himself plunders, the country is a gainer, compared with being plundered by numbers.

We have here a magnificent example of nonideological thinking. It is not clear to me that the same can be said for William Rickenbacker's column, "The Law Forbidding Sin" (*NR*, Jan. 21). What does seem evident, however, is that Mr. Rickenbacker's column raises questions that need further consideration by conservatives; for it is not clear that on some of the issues raised there either is or need be agreement on the part of conservatives.

There is a fundamental ambiguity in Mr. Rickenbacker's piece, for he seems to argue for his position in two quite different ways. His argument against the "illusion" that the state can save us from ourselves would seem to be a case for freedom and against government control. But the major thrust of the article is actually quite different, and it is intriguing to examine the structure of Mr. Rickenbacker's argument. When that is done, it becomes obvious that the argument for freedom is only one argument. There is another argument, perhaps even an opposing one, and the question arises: Which, if either, is the conservative viewpoint? Is there a conservative viewpoint on the issue of the relation between law and morality?

The general thrust of Mr. Rickenbacker's argument, contrary to expectation and perhaps to his own intent, is not really a defense of freedom. What Mr. Rickenbacker gives us is a utilitarian argument that assumes that the state is indeed in the business of promoting virtue. Mr. Rickenbacker asks that laws forbidding sin be repealed "in the name of virtue." One might take that as mere rhetorical flourish were it not that this appears to be the basic argument for the entire essay. Mr. Rickenbacker appears to take for granted that the desired goal is, in good Platonic fashion, a virtuous society. The question then becomes a strictly utilitarian one: How shall we best achieve this goal?

INASMUCH AS he does not have philosopher kings available to serve as guardians, Mr. Rickenbacker opts for the view that we will best achieve that goal by legalizing vice in order to eliminate the official corruption which often goes along with it. Mr. Rickenbacker may be correct that this is the best way to achieve the virtuous society. But has he shown that it is? Indeed, just how would one go about demonstrating it? The truly important question is: Ought the state to be promoting the virtuous society at all? If we answer that affirmatively, we may look to technicians to tell us how best to achieve that desired end. Or perhaps we look not to technicians but to common sense. One thing is certain, however. Arguments such as the following, which embody the old *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy can scarcely be too convincing:

> Hard drugs were illegalized around 1913 when there was no problem to speak of; soft drugs around 1937 when there was no problem to speak of. Since the passage of these laws, both hard and soft drugs have become a huge headache.

I repeat: whether Mr. Rickenbacker is correct in his utilitarian calculations I do not know. What I do find interesting, and what ought to be important for conservatives, is his method of argument. He has given us an argument, not for the free society, but for the virtuous one (and, by an incomparable stroke of luck, a kind of pre-established harmony, the two happen to coincide).

There remains, of course, the ambiguity in the article. For one still senses that Mr. Rickenbacker really meant to argue in defense of freedom—against the idea of the state saving us from ourselves. This too, however, raises difficulties. For those who believe that the insights of Hobbes and Augustine tell us as much about human nature as do those of Mill, the case may not be so cut and dried. There is at least one quite plausible sense in which government may be said to save us from ourselves: It preserves us from much of the folly which our own rashness might otherwise bring upon us. That, unless I greatly misunderstand, is part of the Burkean belief in the value of institutions; they control and order our passionate natures.

WE NEED, in fact, to ask whether freedom is an end to be pursued for its own sake. The primary thrust of Mr. Rickenbacker's article seems to say no. The underlying tone says yes. One surely might make a plausible case for the view that freedom is important precisely because it permits us to do all the other things which are truly worthwhile. Michael Oakeshott, a passionate defender of freedom, has said as much about the entire political enterprise:

> Politics, we know, is a second-rate form of human activity, neither an art nor a science, at once corrupting to the soul and fatiguing to the mind, the activity of those who cannot live without the illusion of affairs or those so fearful of being ruled by others that they will pay away their lives to prevent it.

What is true of our concern for politics might also be true of our concern for liberty.

It is also quite plausible to believe that freedom is valued for its own

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sake. Even in this case, however, we must ask why we value it so highly.

We might argue for the intrinsic value of freedom on religious grounds, thinking of the dignity of man as one to whom God has granted freedom and responsibility. We might argue, as Mill does, that inasmuch as we do not know the supreme good for man, freedom is the condition most conducive to discovering it. Or we might simply be skeptical of all claims to moral objectivity and believe that different moral standards are to be tolerated and, perhaps, even encouraged. Finally, we might simply believe that men are sufficiently evil that none of them is to be trusted with too much authority. All of these positions would lead one to place relatively heavy emphasis on individual freedom, but surely they are widely variant views. Are all of them suitable for conservatives so long as the desired conclusion is reached? I do not know, but I think the issue deserves serious consideration. We should also note that, with respect to the question of the relation between law and morality, these positions might not always reach compatible conclusions.

Thus, there are two questions which need consideration: 1) Is freedom an end worth pursuing for its own sake (and not, as Mr. Rickenbacker appears to suggest, subordinate to other ends such as virtue)? 2) Even if it is, what are the grounds for believing that it is, and what do the different possible grounds imply concerning the relationship of law and morality? I should not be prepared to argue that there is a clear-cut conservative position on these matters. What is clear to me, however, is that the issue is far more complex than Mr. Rickenbacker's (admittedly brief) column would ever lead one to believe. If conservatives are satisfied to arrive at the same conclusion by whatever means, perhaps such questions can be ignored. But may we not rightly ask whether even a political view as nonideological as conservatism at its best is can ignore its theoretical foundations and expect to remain healthy?

There is one more question which conservatives, at least, should raise concerning Mr. Rickenbacker's argument. What good can possibly come of such drastic social readjustments as Mr. Rickenbacker recommends? Perhaps he intends for us to proceed slowly and piecemeal, but there is little hint of that in his piece. Only the remark of Justice Helfand to the effect that legalization of narcotics might introduce new problems even takes cognizance of this issue. Yet, it must be taken seriously. Certainly for those conservatives who have learned from Burke and Oakeshott to avoid "rationalism in politics," Mr. Rickenbacker's proposals may appear a bit drastic. Where is a sense of the fragility of societal structures? Where is an appreciation of the interconnections, the organic relationships, between various institutions in society? Where is a recognition of the inability of the individual always to improve on the wisdom of the species? In general, one must answer: nowhere in this column. If Mr. Rickenbacker wishes to suggest that we overturn a number of forms of social control in order to eliminate *all* sources of police corruption, we may rightly ask him whether he may not be chained to the belief that freedom can never lead to undesirable consequences.

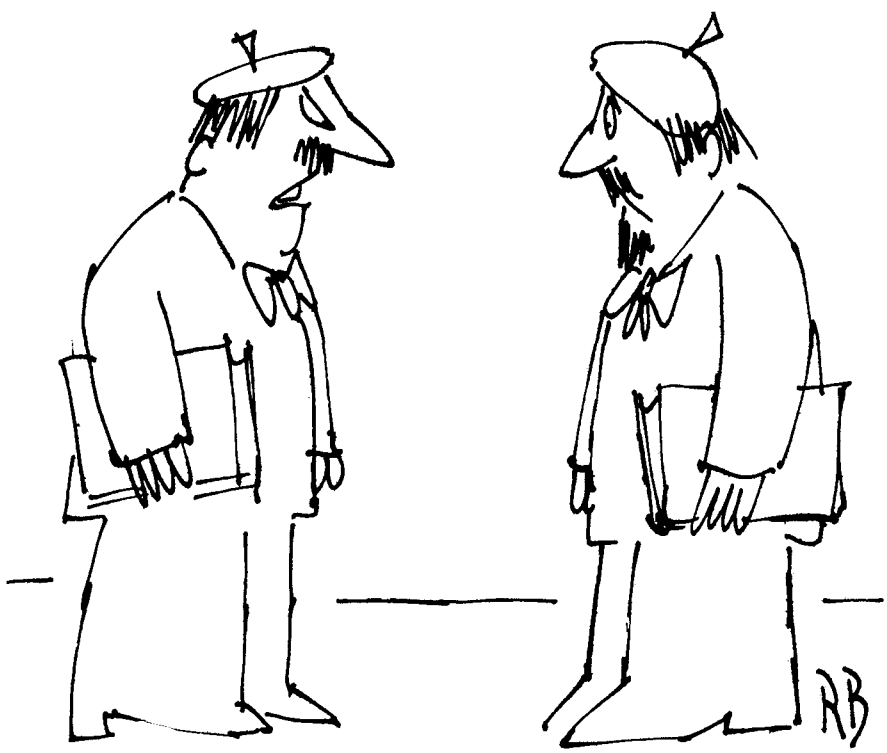
ONCE WE begin to appreciate the complexity of life in society, we may be forced to ask whether a shared morality of some sort is not essential for society. At the very least we might think that there is a presumption in favor of institutions and practices that society has developed for dealing with its various problems. Such institutions and practices may make us better than we really are. There is, at least, a surface plausibility to Herbert Butterfield's restatement of the Myth of Gyges:

> The plain truth is that if you were to remove certain subtle safeguards in society many men who had been respectable all their lives would be transformed by the discovery of the things which it was now possible to do with impunity. . . . On the operation of certain safeguards which in normal times work so quietly that the superficial observer may miss them altogether depends all the difference between civilization and barbarism.

Perhaps our shared morality is not so large as to include some of the crimes discussed by Mr. Rickenbacker. Perhaps even if it is, enforcing this morality may not be the way most conducive to strengthening it. But this is not obvious. And if there is, in fact, a shared morality, then such crimes may not be "victimless." For society itself may be the victim. If society depends to some degree on a shared morality as embodied in its institutions, protecting those institutions may be one very important way of protecting the individuals in that society.

Finally, we should note that the role of religion is not as clear as Mr. Rick-

(Continues on page 863)



"My alter-ego can lick your alter-ego."

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BOOKS

What Say the Augurers?

THOMAS H. JUKES

Things to Come: Thinking about the 70's and 80's
By Herman Kahn and B. Bruce-Briggs
Macmillan, 262 pp., $6.95

Things to Come addresses itself to the vast problems of the world which affect everyone: economic inequalities, war, the counterculture, world revolution, violence, foreseeable natural economic or political disasters, an expanded Common Market, the role of America. It is obvious that even a cursory treatment of any one of these subjects is enough for a book. *Things to Come* can provide no more than a quick look at today's world, but the authors do this fairly well—their attitude is largely realistic and sanguine. We may predict that such an approach will be unpopular. Doomsday is the topic that sells. The reporters and television cameramen leave when the rebuttal of the end-of-the-world presentation starts.

What of the future? Guessing this has been a favorite game, probably starting when human beings first learned how to communicate. Today, many people feel that somehow computers may have the answer. For this to be so, the computer programs would have to be written by a person who has the gift of prophecy. The projection of trends presupposes that the trends will continue. Contrary evidence of this supposition is presented by the stock market, Denny McLain and Ed Muskie. We are nevertheless beset by harbingers of doom who lay claim to prescience. A group of them, the "Club of Rome," recently gathered in the Eternal City to predict the future of mankind. Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, they could not find a heart within the beast. The seers then boarded their jet planes to return home, and so we all died, as recorded in *The Limits of Growth*.

IN *Things to Come*, Kahn and Bruce-Briggs are more cautious and less omniscient than their competitors in the futurological business. Chapter Three is entitled "A Surprise-Free Projection." This procedure is explained as follows: In a *forecast*, an analyst assigns probabilities to various possible events, such as placing odds on horses in a race. In a *prediction*, the probability of a specific event is stated, such as whether a coin will be heads at least once in five tosses. A *surprise-free projection*, say the authors, is a projection which is not surprising to them. But they also say that "the most surprising thing that can happen in a broad, long-range, surprise-free projection is that there will be no surprises"! Kahn and Bruce-Briggs are therefore fairly well covered with caveats as they approach their topic of "Things to Come." Let us highlight some points of interest in the book. Chapter Four is on counterculture or counterreformation. Will the trend of counterculture soon hit powerful obstacles or will the hippies prevail? The authors comment that "we already have fornication, fellatio and cunnilingus in public media. What can be added to this? Bestiality, rape and incest are all that are left." We suggest that they come to San Francisco and Berkeley to get up to date in this field.

Projecting again, the authors say, "The counterculture, the hippies . . . drugs, promiscuous sex etc. . . . made good stories and . . . sold newspapers and magazines. In the early 1970s, these are old stories. The media will need new ones." Perhaps. But some stories never grow old. Eggs cannot be unscrambled; people keep their old magazines. It will take a long time to restore pornography once again to the confines of the stag parties which are now out-of-date anyway.

Chapter Eight is "The 1985 Technological Crisis—The Social Effects of Technology." The book makes a cogent point as follows: ". . . those people who today have two cars, a dishwasher, a washing machine, who are satisfied or even satiated—are those who are most upset about the need to reduce con-

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sumption, to protect the environment, to preserve living space. Most still wish to enjoy material progress, value such progress greatly, and will fight to get it. . . . Only people who have grown up with the fruits of material progress and have never seen serious deprivation are arguing for some equivalent of asceticism." These valid conclusions are underscored by the attacks on the U.S.A. that have been made recently at the UN Stockholm Conference on the Human Environment. America seems to have been tagged at this Conference as the Number One polluter, probably to the discomfiture of the distinguished environmentalists in the U.S. delegation.

JOHN VON NEUMANN is selected as initially identifying the "1985 technological crisis" by his statement in 1955 that "the environment in which technological progress must occur has become both undersized and underorganized," so that "we are running out of room." The world of today, say Kahn and Bruce-Briggs, looks as if it were designed to be abandoned at some point in the early Eighties, and the issue has "a special radiance for the political Left," which argues that "'bourgeois' progress" has become "a complicated way to produce garbage, to destroy the ecology and landscape and dehumanize the individual." No monopoly on pollution is enjoyed by capitalism, of course. Lake Baikal and the Caspian Sea are prime examples of socialistic pollution by governmental industry, but the book does not pursue this issue at length.

I was taken aback to learn that "few people can imagine living a dignified and self-respected life at about 20 per cent of their current income, and yet many readers of this book will have had fathers or grandfathers who lived quite well at such a 20 per cent." However. Herman Kahn was only seven years old when the Depression started in 1929. I was also surprised to read that professors can have a real problem with boredom because of leisure without affluence, and that Hitler was an intellectual, but I was relieved to hear that the authors do not think that natural characteristics are genetic.

Other topics in the book include discussions of sources of stability and instability in the international system; alternate U.S. futures, as projected from both optimistic and pessimistic contexts; future military-technological possibilities using delphi and envelope forecasting; the emerging post-industrial society. In discussing this society, the authors note that "the enormous productivity of our farmers is taken for granted. If they somehow failed, we would be furious at them, but we give them little credit for their performance." Quite true, but Professor John Carew of Michigan State's Horticulture Department says this may change as follows:

Because Society could not ever imagine a shortage of food
Laws were passed abolishing Pesticides, Fertilizers, and Food Preservatives.
Insects, Diseases, and Weeds flourished.
Crops and animals died. Food became scarce.
To survive, Industrialists, Artists and Doctors were forced to grow their own food.
They were not very efficient.
People and governments fought to gain more agricultural land. □

FICTION

Spring Snow
By Yukio Mishima
Knopf, 389 pp., $7.95

MISHIMA'S FERTILE SEA

DAVID BRUDNOY

On November 25, 1970 Mishima Yukio, Japan's most gifted young writer since Dazai Osamu drowned himself in 1948, slit his belly, after which a friend sliced off his head. The *seppuku* (harakiri) thus successfully and formally completed, the third of Japan's four major literary suicides in this century ended his days on earth. Mishima loathed "bleeding hearts," in which group he included intellectuals who kill themselves. As Kinya Tsuruta of the University of Toronto observed recently, Mishima laughed at writers like Dazai and Akutagawa Ryūnosuke, who preceded him down the path of self-destruction, saying that their neuroses could have been cured by Swedish gymnastics.

ON THE DAY of his death, the 45-year-old Mishima delivered to his publisher the completed final novel of his *Sea of Fertility* tetralogy, of which *Spring Snow* is the first, and also first into translation. Ably, elegantly, faithfully translated by Michael Gallagher, *Spring Snow* begins the greatest of Mishima's works, a novel of surpassing force, a story in the classic idiom albeit infused with Mishima's ultramodern sensibility.

Mishima himself represented an unlikely marriage of tradition—his deep evocation of the "spirit" of Japan—and modernity. His desperate whimsy, the political "movement" for which he ostensibly died, aimed nostalgically at a restoration of Japan's time-honored virtues, but his lifestyle exclusive of that vaguely right-wing extremist corps of physically and spiritually "perfect" young men bespoke his own particular, contemporary ethos: comfortable in English; surrounded by Western (and modern) art; given on occasion, as the Japanologist Faubian Bowers frankly if indelicately revealed in the *Village Voice* soon after Mishima's death, to flying to New York for a one-night stand with some Caucasian young man; devoted to physical fitness; in love with beauty both corporeal and spiritual. We don't know why Mishima killed himself, despite the reams of pages written about that act. But many think, and I think, that he died because he believed that he had attained the height of physical and literary development and was determined not to see his body decay into ugliness, or his imagination wither.

LIKE MISHIMA, the hero of *Spring Snow*, Kiyoaki, symbolizes elegance, sentiment, beauty, serenity too. The exquisite young man—Mishima never captured the essence of female beauty as superbly as that of male perfection—came of samurai stock newly ennobled, but had received his early training in the home of Count Ayakura, whose 27 generations of aristocracy infused the boy with a delicate sensibility, utterly unknown to his nouveau riche father. There, in Ayakura's home, Kiyoaki met Satoko, the Count's beautiful daughter. But while Satoko came to

Thomas H. Jukes *is a professor of medical physics at the University of California, Berkeley.* . . . **David Brudnoy**'*s Harvard thesis, "The Immutable Despair of Dazai Osamu," was published in 1968 by* Monumenta Nipponica. . . . **Elspeth Huxley**, *eminent British writer and expert on Africa, is* NR*'s Africa correspondent.* . . . **Dr. Jeffrey Marsh** *is on the staff of the Hudson Institute.*

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love Kiyoaki, he felt nothing but vague affection for her. Until, that is, Satoko became betrothed to an imperial prince, whereupon Kiyoaki decided he loved her, and set out upon the hopeless path of wooing and winning her. Not her hand in marriage, impossible once her imperial marriage was arranged, but her body, her soul, her eternal devotion.

SET IN 1912-1913, *Spring Snow* captures a period with the adroitness of the master himself, Tanizaki Junichiro, whose *Makioka Sisters* is one of the few modern Japanese novels with which this chef d'oeuvre can be compared. In form a simple love story like his early *Sound of Waves* (1954), *Spring Snow*

is incomparably more complex, richer, fuller in its development of theme and characterization, more elusive in its appeal than that earlier heterosexual novel, and even than the various homosexual novels to which Mishima brought his remarkable literary gift and his special background.

In a style that will send today's squalid pornographers up the wall, *Spring Snow* is nearly devoid of sensuality, although pervasively sensuous, written almost entirely from the perspective of Kiyoaki, whose quest for *yuga*, elegance, transfuses his pursuit of Satoko as it does all else in his life, even death: "Would he be able to die young—and if possible free of all pain? A graceful death—as a richly patterned kimono, thrown carelessly across a polished table, slides unobtrusively down into the darkness of the floor beneath. A death marked by elegance."

The young, virile protagonist is a mystery to his contemporaries, friendly only to one fellow student and two visiting Siamese princes, incomprehensible to his parents, a delicate soul embodied in a magnificent vessel, an utterly selfish creature whose ego extends to the very essence of his love object, Satoko, who remains an object though *he* pines away because he cannot have her, and *she* undergoes a feticide to rid herself of Kiyoaki's child, then retreats into a Buddhist convent rather than submit to the imperial marriage.

Throughout *Spring Snow*, Mishima's concern with physicality manifests itself continually. Characters are described graphically, in terms of skin, bone structure, muscle tone, and metaphorically, in relation to the environment and the beasts of nature. Mishima also flips in a bit of philosophizing, mainly through the mouth of Kiyoaki's one friend, Honda, who fancies himself a scholar, student of history, a comprehender of eternal values. But that fails to carry the novel very far, and Mishima wisely concentrates on the tangible, like the three tiny moles on Kiyoaki's chest. This device, borrowed from "The Mole" by Nobel laureate Kawabata Yasunari (Mishima's mentor, and a suicide this year), suggests not merely Kiyoaki's one physical imperfection, but hints also at his mortality, his inability to achieve transcendence.

SPRING SNOW even achieves humor here and there, as Mishima permits himself a few moments of wicked satire. It ends, of course, in death. But though the young lovers' plight is desperate, the message of the novel is one of hope, the "philosophy" that of reincarnation. Soon the remaining three novels will be translated, thus carrying Mishima's masterpiece through the 1960s. Comparisons are odious and fraught with danger, yet this first installment of "the image of cosmic nihilism on that of the fertile sea," as Mishima put it, prompts the belief that we are about to receive a literary legacy on the scale of Proust's. □

The First Decade: A Report on Independent Black Africa
By E. J. Kahn Jr.
Norton, 192 pp., $7.95

MOTES IN THE EYE OF AFRICA

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Two scouts were sent to Africa, according to the story, by a major shoe company, to report on the market potential. Hopeless, one reported back: consumer demand zero, nobody wears shoes. Fantastic, declared the second: demand almost limitless, competition nil; nobody wears shoes. Mr. Kahn quotes this in his report on a ten weeks' run around black Africa to illustrate how difficult it is for would-be foreign investors to lay their plans. The story also points up another noticeable trait among most reports on decolonialized Africa. You find what you want to find. Either you find it's remarkable how the indigenes are coping with the awful mess left behind by colonialist hyenas, how bright the promise of the new day; or you conclude it's just what might have been expected, how one country after another has abandoned democracy and succumbed to military coups, dictatorships, corruption, tribal wars and general mayhem. The truth, insofar as there is one that can apply to 41 separate sovereign states, lies as always somewhere in the daunting middle: some Africans do wear shoes. The trick is to hunt it down without distortion, and without being dull.

Mr. Kahn manages pretty well. He isn't dull, he's often witty, and underneath the sugar-coating there's a fairly substantial pill of basic fact. He puts it all across with an easy, good-humored, urbane professionalism that stifles doubts as to how much anyone can really glean from visiting fourteen of the 41 countries and interviewing (according to the blurb) "everyone from heads of state to workingmen" in an

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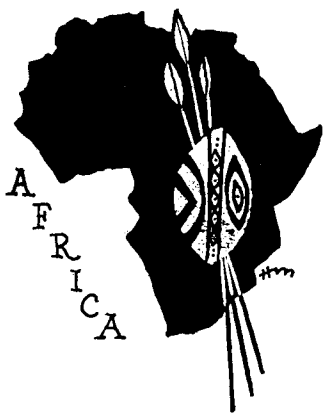
average of less than five days per country, including traveling time. But there's a lot to be said for the theory that the right stint is either three days or thirty years.

WHEN THE LATE President Nasser took over the Suez Canal and sacked the pilots, mostly British or French, their compatriots shook their heads and said Egypt would rue the day. Nobody, it seemed, but a trained white pilot could take a vessel through that perfectly straightforward channel which, one would have thought, any Arab accustomed to sailing his *dhow* across the Indian Ocean without a compass would have negotiated with ease in the dark while standing on his head. So, indeed, it proved: the Egyptians managed perfectly well. Much the same has come about in colonial Africa. Far from collapsing, the machinery of government, economic structures and daily life continue much as before. There have, of course, been some nasty disasters, collapses and upheavals, but these have been contained, they haven't spread beyond the regions in which they occurred. And nasty as some of them were—Mr. Kahn doesn't even mention one of the nastiest, the ten years' civil war in the Sudan—African countries have shown remarkable powers of resilience.



In Francophone Africa, transition from colonial to independent rule has been smoother and easier than anywhere else. Rancor has been astonishingly muted everywhere; Africans simply haven't been able to keep the colonialist-hyena image properly polished up the way the Russians and Chinese have done. Now and again it is brought out for an airing, but most of the time it's ignored while top-rank Africans relax with former colonialists over a gin-and-*warrigi* at the club. In parts of Francophone Africa you'd scarcely know that such traumatic changes have really taken place. Dakar, capital of Senegal, still gets French gastronomic delicacies flown in daily for the tens of thousands of Frenchmen living there and for high-level Africans so steeped in Gallic culture that they talk French to each other at home and their President, M. Léopold Senghor, spends summer holidays on his farm in Normandy. Secondary schools in the Ivory Coast have two thousand French teachers and only three hundred Ivorian ones. Mr. Kahn doesn't tell us what the French secret is. Why, for instance, the French can go on for years supplying arms to South Africa without a murmur from the Organization of African Unity, whereas a mere suggestion from the British to sell a submarine or two to Mr. Vorster sends the whole outfit up in flames. No doubt for the good reason that he doesn't know—no one does.

Mr. Kahn's main generalization is simple and correct: "Africans can run things." Correct, but unintentionally patronizing; they always did run things in their own fashion, which like ours was good in parts and bad in others. Back in tribal days, the things were simpler and smaller; what we're now surprised at is that Africans seem to be runnings things the West invented, like tractor factories, cement works, foreign trade, modern armies, international banking, airlines and whatever. There are things, however, that Africans don't seem to run successfully, of course with exceptions. One of these is the European version of democracy: the reason, that they don't want to. In its multiparty form it was a colonialist importation, not a native product. In the main it has been, or is being, replaced by a single-party system or by military coups. When this happens in Greece, we think it terrible; in Uganda tolerable, or at any rate remote. American interest in African affairs, Mr. Kahn points out, has sunk to a low ebb. Missionaries have lost their cutting edge and investors look with lackluster eyes on opportunities so hedged about with uncertainties—like the matter of the shoes. By and large, the media and the public have gone cold on African news. This is a pity, and may turn out to be a mistake.

AS FOR Mr. Kahn, he's fair, sympathetic, conscientious, but possibly a trifle too bland. If you skim the surface you see shadows on the water, a school of porpoise leaping, a diving gull; you can't see all the shoals of fish chasing and eating each other under water, the octopi in caves, sharks seizing their prey. He mentions corruption: how ministers buy up the best land, live like princes and siphon off half the foreign aid, but how big a brake this is on a "developing country" isn't made clear. Nearly half the population of the continent is under sixteen, so if you leave aside the girls on the grounds that they all marry, which isn't any longer true, you have some ninety million boys coming on the labor market now, in 1972; every year this figure rises, and where are the jobs? Even if everyone stopped breeding tomorrow (and of course the reverse is the case) there'd still be all these floods of youths either leaving school, so in their own eyes qualified for white-collar jobs, or not leaving school because they haven't been there, which still applies to the majority. Trying to feed the world's rocketing population is recognized as a very major problem. Trying to find work for it to do is much less publicized but just as urgent, and there's no Green Revolution in sight. This is the kind of timebomb Africa has ticking away under its midriff, and its importance merits fuller treatment than a mention once or twice.

YOU CAN'T deal with everything in under two hundred pages, Mr. Kahn would doubtless retort; and he wasn't trying to write an encyclopedia. He was trying to make a quick assessment of how things are going, in a general way,

ten years after liberation from the velvet-lined colonial yoke. His answer is, not too badly at the moment, despite some pretty horrendous events he tends to gloss over. But where, for heaven's sake, are events not horrendous? Probably the beams in our own eye justify Mr. Kahn's inclination to cut them down to mote-size in the eye of Africa. □

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The Acceleration of History
By Gerard Piel
Knopf, 369 pp., $8.95

IS PIEL'S APPEAL REAL?

JEFFREY MARSH

Gerard Piel, as one can see from the biography on the jacket of his new book, is one of the pillars of the American intellectual Establishment. Holder of a panoply of honorary degrees, he is a member or fellow of the American Philosophical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences, a trustee of Radcliffe College, Phillips Academy, the American Museum of Natural History and the Mayo Foundation. The publisher of *Scientific American*, he has been awarded a number of prizes for his work in the popularization of science. The essays collected in this book were composed over the last decade and delivered at a variety of academic occasions, conventions, symposia and congressional hearings, and they represent the thoughts of the author on what he believes to be the central issue of our times, the relation between scientific progress and the social problems of the era.

Apart from one section of four essays, entitled "Common Sense," dealing largely with the nature of scientific method, most of the 25 essays in the book, as well as the short introductory notes to them, deal explicitly with Mr. Piel's main concern, the unacceptability of the current state of society in light of the fundamental transformation of man's estate brought about by the scientific revolution. Because the author expounds in a pure form the position of the moderate and progressive liberal humanist Establishment he represents, it is worthwhile to examine his arguments.

Stating his main point as plainly as he can, he says, "Science is the ultimate source of value in the life of mankind." By this he means that the value placed on human life in a given society depends on the technological capabilities of that society, which in turn are determined by the scientific knowledge available. As this knowledge has magnified the ability of man to dominate nature, it has diminished his need to dominate his fellow man. Until the recent past, when vast sources of natural energy have become available, all the achievements of mankind have been made by a small ruling elite that was only able to raise itself above the struggle for survival by commanding the resources of the anonymous mass of humanity engaged in the struggle. Now, however, in the advanced societies, which have passed through the industrial revolution, we have entered an era of abundance. Despite this we still behave as if our lives were ruled by scarcity, the traditional lever of behavior.

The author's basic premise is applied to a number of issues current over the past decade. A private economy based ever more on high technology has less and less need of production workers, and so even with the economy operating in high gear there is an ever-increasing level of structural unemployment. This growth in unemployment is countered to some extent by a continually growing public sector, needed to provide educational and other services for a population demanding more. In order fully to remake society so that all its members are able to fulfill themselves and the present unconscionable inequities are cured, much greater use of public funds is necessary, but is withheld because of outmoded ideological blinkers.

VAST AMOUNTS of public money, however, are squandered irresponsibly on defense, quasimilitary prestige projects such as the moon r. .e, and such undeserving private causes as the highway lobby. It would be more morally rewarding, and have equally stimulating effects on the economy, to spend this money and even more on pressing internal needs such as the provision of universal medical care, as well as on foreign aid to help the underdeveloped world to industrialize and to achieve self-sufficiency in a relatively short time. The realization of our fundamental wealth, and consequent aban-

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: For military buffs, Basil (*Battle of Britain*) Collier offers *The Lion and the Eagle: British and Anglo-American Strategy, 1900-1950* (Putnam, $10). . . . *White Eagle, Red Star: The Polish-Soviet War 1919-1920* by Norman Davies is the first complete account in English (St. Martin's, $10). From the same house, John Kenyon's *The Popish Plot* is a case study in mass hysteria ($10).

■ SEPTEMBER BOOKS. Toynbee's *A Study of History* now in a big, illustrated one-volume abridgement (American Heritage, $29.95 till Jan. 1, then $35). . . . The 75th edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships 1972-1973* will make cheerful autumn reading—in the Kremlin (McGraw-Hill, $55). . . . *Benjamin Franklin: A Biography in His Own Words* finds Thomas Fleming wielding scissors and paste (Harper, $15). . . . The OSS commissioned Walter C. Langer to do a psychological study of *The Mind of Adolf Hitler* in 1943. Now Basic is publishing it ($10).

Sir Arthur Bryant, who wrote at length on Wellington in *The Age of Elegance*, now issues a full-scale biography of *The Great Duke* (Morrow, $10). . . . Robert Cecil examines *The Myth of the Master Race: Alfred Rosenberg and the Nazi Ideology* (Dodd, Mead, $8.95). . . . *From the Sketchbooks of the Great Artists* is an assemblage of 280 jottings gathered by Claude Marks (Crowell, $19.95 till Christmas, then $25). . . . The second volume of George Kennan's *Memoirs* covers 1950-1963 (Little, Brown, $10). . . . *The Elizabeth Arden Story* by Constance Woodworth and Alfred Allen Lewis is being billed as "unretouched" (Coward, $7.95). . . . *The Voices of the Silent* speak from documents smuggled out of Russia. Author is Cornelia Gerstenmaier (Hart, $8.95). . . . Maurice Chevalier calls his last memoir *My Paris* (Macmillan, $12.95). From the same house, Thaddeus Wittlin's *Commissar Beria*, first biography in English ($12.95).

The Eisenhower College Collection offers the paintings of old master Ike (Nash, $37.50 to Jan. 1, then $50). . . . Frank Sheed assembles a collection of writings on the season's favorite indoor sport, diabolism, in *Soundings in Satanism* (Sheed & Ward, $7.95). . . . For the tough-minded, Norman Cousins ruminates on *The Improbable Triumvirate: Kennedy, Khrushchev, Pope John* (Norton, $5.95). . . . Roger Manvell and Lewis Jacobs edit the big *International Encyclopedia of Film* for Crown ($19.95 till Christmas, then $22.50). . . . *Nina* is the life of Baroness Nina Van Pallandt, better known as Clifford Irving's girlfriend (Walker, $6.95). . . . *Memo from David O. Selznick* is just that, a big collection of peeks inside Hollywood (Viking, $12.50). . . . Bill Buckley's latest anthology is *Inveighing We Will Go* (Putnam, $7.95).

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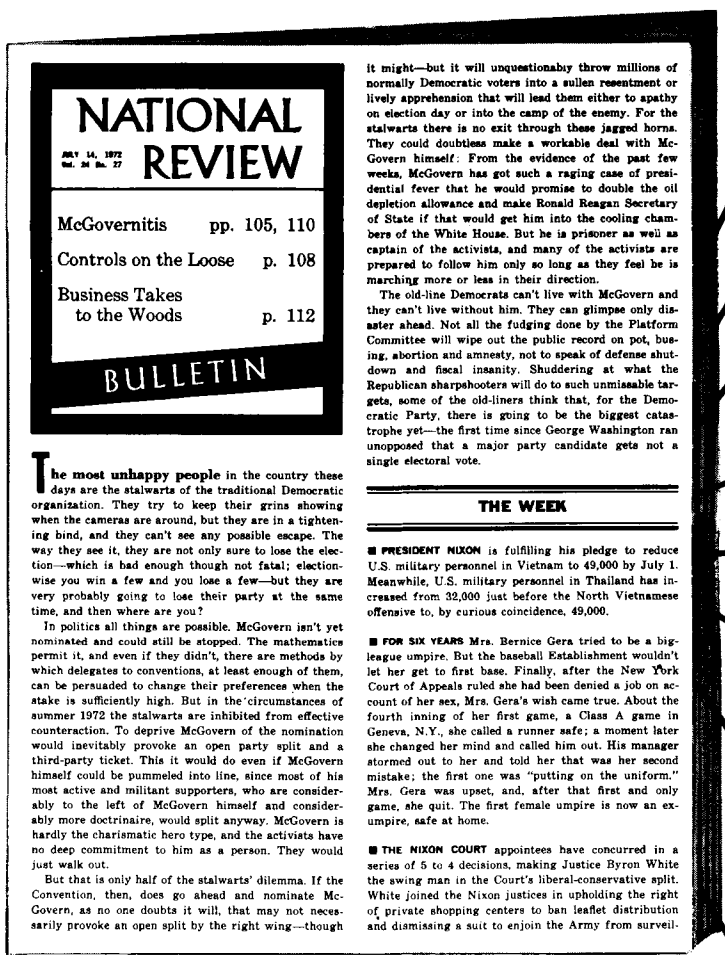

NATIONAL REVIEW

JULY 14, 1972
Vol. 24 No. 27

McGovernitis pp. 105, 110
Controls on the Loose p. 108
Business Takes to the Woods p. 112

BULLETIN

The most unhappy people in the country these days are the stalwarts of the traditional Democratic organization. They try to keep their grins showing when the cameras are around, but they are in a tightening bind, and they can't see any possible escape. The way they see it, they are not only sure to lose the election—which is bad enough though not fatal; election-wise you win a few and you lose a few—but they are very probably going to lose their party at the same time, and then where are you?

In politics all things are possible. McGovern isn't yet nominated and could still be stopped. The mathematics permit it, and even if they didn't, there are methods by which delegates to conventions, at least enough of them, can be persuaded to change their preferences when the stake is sufficiently high. But in the circumstances of summer 1972 the stalwarts are inhibited from effective counteraction. To deprive McGovern of the nomination would inevitably provoke an open party split and a third-party ticket. This it would do even if McGovern himself could be pummeled into line, since most of his most active and militant supporters, who are considerably to the left of McGovern himself and considerably more doctrinaire, would split anyway. McGovern is hardly the charismatic hero type, and the activists have no deep commitment to him as a person. They would just walk out.

But that is only half of the stalwarts' dilemma. If the Convention, then, does go ahead and nominate McGovern, as no one doubts it will, that may not necessarily provoke an open split by the right wing—though it might—but it will unquestionably throw millions of normally Democratic voters into a sullen resentment or lively apprehension that will lead them either to apathy on election day or into the camp of the enemy. For the stalwarts there is no exit through these jagged horns. They could doubtless make a workable deal with McGovern himself: From the evidence of the past few weeks, McGovern has got such a raging case of presidential fever that he would promise to double the oil depletion allowance and make Ronald Reagan Secretary of State if that would get him into the cooling chambers of the White House. But he is prisoner as well as captain of the activists, and many of the activists are prepared to follow him only so long as they feel he is marching more or less in their direction.

The old-line Democrats can't live with McGovern and they can't live without him. They can glimpse only disaster ahead. Not all the fudging done by the Platform Committee will wipe out the public record on pot, busing, abortion and amnesty, not to speak of defense shutdown and fiscal insanity. Shuddering at what the Republican sharpshooters will do to such unmissable targets, some of the old-liners think that, for the Democratic Party, there is going to be the biggest catastrophe yet—the first time since George Washington ran unopposed that a major party candidate gets not a single electoral vote.

THE WEEK

■ **PRESIDENT NIXON** is fulfilling his pledge to reduce U.S. military personnel in Vietnam to 49,000 by July 1. Meanwhile, U.S. military personnel in Thailand has increased from 32,000 just before the North Vietnamese offensive to, by curious coincidence, 49,000.

■ **FOR SIX YEARS** Mrs. Bernice Gera tried to be a big-league umpire. But the baseball Establishment wouldn't let her get to first base. Finally, after the New York Court of Appeals ruled she had been denied a job on account of her sex, Mrs. Gera's wish came true. About the fourth inning of her first game, a Class A game in Geneva, N.Y., she called a runner safe; a moment later she changed her mind and called him out. His manager stormed out to her and told her that was her second mistake; the first one was "putting on the uniform." Mrs. Gera was upset, and, after that first and only game, she quit. The first female umpire is now an ex-umpire, safe at home.

■ **THE NIXON COURT** appointees have concurred in a series of 5 to 4 decisions, making Justice Byron White the swing man in the Court's liberal-conservative split. White joined the Nixon justices in upholding the right of private shopping centers to ban leaflet distribution and dismissing a suit to enjoin the Army from surveil-

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IMPORTANT

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donment of attitudes no longer relevant, would lead to a more honest society. The central institutions of a revitalized society, the universities, would be assured of the right to fulfill their basic obligation, the search for truth, without having to obtain funds under the false pretense of mission-oriented research. They could therefore set a moral example to their students.

THERE ARE a number of comments that can be made about Mr. Piel's thesis. Just how rich we are is a matter of dispute. The availability of funds for all the necessary improvements to society is one problem. Studies such as the current one on budget options by the Brookings Institution suggests that there are enough obligations already upon us to make the prospect of adding large new ones rather unrealistic. The prospects for massive redistribution of income are considered by Mr. Piel not to be too burdensome given his calculation that discretionary income may be conservatively estimated at 65 per cent of the GNP. People who do not own profitable magazines may be less than convinced of the immediate relevance of this statistic. However, given the justice of his basic argument, such criticism is merely a matter of timing. Let us rather scrutinize his basic premise on the ultimate source of value.

The idea that societal relationships are basically determined by economic relations is familiarly associated with the name of Marx. Mr. Piel is most interested in applying this idea to the approaching post-industrial society, where the old constraints of economic law are superseded because of advanced technology. It is the advance of science, he tells us, which has brought us to the state where we are first able to attain "the means to bring every human being into full membership in the human species." It is easy to sympathize with his desire to redress some of the faults of our present society. However, given the tradition in this century of those who believe that their science is the ultimate source of human value, I am happy to rely, rather, on Leviticus XIX, 18: "Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself: I *am* the Lord." □

In Coming Issues

Nathan Glazer on *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics* by Michael Novak.

Clare Boothe Luce on Simone de Beauvoir's book on aging.

Walter Berns on *The Modern Supreme Court* by Robert G. McCloskey.

Richard G. Walker on *The Pacific Rivals* by the staff of *Asahi-Shimbun*.

Garry Wills on *The Stranger in Shakespeare* by Leslie A. Fielder.

George Stigler on *The Theory of Public Choice* by Buchanan and Tollison.

Miles Copeland on *Storm over the Arab World.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN: FATHER OF NEW FRANCE, *by Samuel Eliot Morison (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 299 pp., $10).* Not very much is known about the founder of Quebec and Port-Royal, explorer of Maine and Cape Cod, victor over the Iroquois at Ticonderoga, Richelieu's lieutenant in New France. Admiral Morison has neither intended to add, nor added, greatly to our knowledge: but he has written a charming and affectionate memoir, embellished with handsome reproductions of Champlain's own maps, and centering (as might be expected) on his explorations of the New England coast. This is, in fact, a maritime history of Samuel de Champlain, and the subtitle, while it accurately describes the hero, does not accurately describe the book: there is no substantial discussion here of the steps Champlain took to solve the problems involved in founding New France. But this is pleasant narrative history nonetheless, enlivened by the author's appreciation both of Champlain's seamanship and of his evident humanity, and we need—I suspect—to be reminded that there are others strand in northern North American history than English and Indian.

J. C. LOBDELL

POLITICAL APOCALYPSE: *A Study of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor, by Ellis Sandoz (Louisiana, 263 pp., $8.95).* Dostoevsky is a strange case. A popular writer, an esteemed writer, a fashionable writer—yet not a liberal, but a right-thinking man. How can it be? Maybe "they" simply don't know. There is, after all, a good bit of the seamy side in Dostoevsky, and it is possible that many read him as an incipient William Burroughs struggling to be free of oppressive nineteenth-century czarist Russia. Certainly many have read him as some kind of fancy anarchist. But no more. Ellis Sandoz, equipped with the formidable armory of Voegelin-style political and theological analysis, here examines the meaning of "The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor" from *The Brothers Karamazov*. Not a literary analysis, Sandoz' impressive study is, first, an examination of the intellectual and theological background out of which Dostoevsky's thought comes, and then a careful examination of the "Legend" itself. Against the background of Russian religious and quasireligious thought mixed with Western revolutionism and Hegelianism that Dostoevsky knew in his time, the "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor" can best be understood as a "political apocalypse." Which is to say, an "unveiling or revealing" of the relationship of man to God and man to the world. Dostoevsky, Sandoz makes clear, does not try to immanentize the eschaton. General Readers, beware. Dostoevsky buffs and Voegelin buffs, this is for you.

G. B. TENNYSON

ETHNIC ENTERPRISE IN AMERICA: *Business and Welfare among Chinese, Japanese and Blacks, by Ivan H. Light (California, 209 pp., $7.95)* Lest you think this book must be like comparing bamboo shoots, mandarin oranges and black-eyed peas, be advised: it is a remarkably successful and intriguing study marred only very occasionally by High Sociologese jargon and low socio-illogicality. UCLA Professor Light emphasizes institutional factors accounting for the vast disparity between American Oriental and Negro achievement in business. He stresses such things as kinship and Old World regional ties as of vital significance in keeping the Chinese and Japanese off the public dole, and the absence of such connections as factors putting disproportionate numbers of Negroes on welfare. Dr. Light appears to be nearly as conversant with East Asian mores as with the Negro experience in America, and in both areas he writes confidently, intelligently and with simultaneous compassion and reserve—admittedly, a rare combination among academics nowadays. To my knowledge, Light's is the best study thus far showing convincingly how the difference between international and interstate migration touched crucially on the differences in the Oriental response to America and the Southern Negro's response to his sojourn in the North. Although he throws in a dash of the expected and conventional—"Like other Americans, Chinese have been disgusted and horrified by the U.S. military rampages in Indochina"—he generally avoids that sort of stuff and, in fact, offers enough that is unconventional so that he might emerge as a minor Banfield, that is, persecuted on campus for heresy.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

What Have They Done to GI Joe?

Back when I was a kid and America could afford enemies, GI Joe appeared in a comic book of his very own—telescoped down from the great, generic Grunt to a big, shovel-jawed blond, a Swede maybe, with hair that seemed, well . . . longish. GI Joe was a compassionate hero, as I recall, always with gum for the kids—Italian, Korean, whatever—caring for his buddies and for innocent civilians, not above zonking a Gook in revenge. When we played war, one of us was GI Joe.

USUALLY John. John could make wonderful sounds. *Budda, budda, chill-chill*: machine gun. *Thwick-thwick*: bullets (heavy tree cover). *G-dang, g-dang*: bullets (in a rocky defile). John even had a noise for a dud artillery shell. He could do it only once a week, because the effort tended to impact his eustachian tubes. I haven't seen John in twenty years. He's probably working for McGovern now (not with a bang but a whimper). And GI Joe. . . . He's someplace else. Argentina, I guess.

Instead my children have "America's Movable Adventure Man," GI Joe® stamped on a plastic right buttock. And what a piece of work this foot-tall homunculus is, this Barbie Doll for boys. Every joint articulates subtly: limp wrist or sieg-heil salute, salaam or genuflection, compromisable as Machiavelli's Prince. GI Joe has opposable thumbs, opposable knees, elbows: Feet and head come off conveniently for easy costume changing. It's a superb toy, carefully wrought by Hasbro's engineers. Somewhat eerie, too, when lounging, cross-legged, on a shadowy playroom shelf.

But a United States infantryman, this GI Joe is not. Hasbro calls him an "Adventurer." (Webster's: "One who gains or strives to gain social standing, wealth etc. by questionable means.") His insignia—the letter A stuck on a pole and circled—is halfway between your basic peace sign and a forest ranger's emblem. He has no recognizable uniform: Hasbro offers a regular trousseau of outfits. Along one cheek there is an oddly Heidelbergian scar (a reconstructed SS man?). His hair is 1950s American crewcut. But that's understandable: One big sales feature is "lifelike hair and beard," and the lifelike synthetic (a sort of ersatz Brillo) probably doesn't lend itself to hippie styling. Of his military origin only the saleable trademark, "GI Joe," has survived.

Apparently the zeitgeist has made Hasbro nervous. I don't wonder: GI Joe, the Adventurer, is an IBM stock on the toy exchange. One article of equipment goes for seventeen dollars. There are soul brother GI Joes, talking GI Joes, an entire motor pool full of vehicles, enough clothing changes for a weekend at Southampton. And this holds, as well, for GI Joe's eight-inch competitor, Action Jackson. Guns, grenades and bayonets are out; enemies come on four legs only; the American flag has been run up elsewhere. One can still buy traditional toy soldiers, usually brummagem things made in Hong Kong, web-fingered from their shoddy plastic molds. Otherwise, in an average toy store, only the Nutty Navy fleet represents an American military tradition. PT boats that John Kennedy wouldn't have been caught dead in, that run in crazy circles, chasing their own tails, sinking by design.

GI Joe combats chiefly white tigers and sharks, pigmy gorillas and octopi—species as yet not represented in the United Nations. Even these he'd prefer to bring back alive. When pitted against recognizable humans, as in "The Secret Mission to Spy Island," they are stage farce villains, Dr. No out of Goldfinger, men without a country. On page one of the "action-packed" story (one comes with each new outfit) spies penetrate the Pentagon as easily as junkies might a South Bronx liquor store. GI Joe is called. He wears a nondescript blue uniform: half doorman, half railway porter. He approaches Spy Island via inflatable rubber raft: the particular piece of equipment peddled in this adventure (it tends to capsize in the calmest tub). There is no hand-to-hand killing, characters keep their distance as in a modern dance. GI Joe does manage to blow the island up, but this is a neat, antiseptic business, a euphemism for blood and gore.

PREDICTABLY, my eldest son (seven years) doesn't know quite what to make of GI Joe. In our house war toys are not proscribed, but my son has difficulty associating these with the contortionist "Adventurer." I asked him if he knew what GI stood for. He meditated, then said, "George?" Sure. George Irving Joe, GI to his friends.

My son has other problems. His first-grade teacher is a radic-lib, draft-counseling type. Worse yet, given the captive audience, she is an attractive and persuasive individual. My son's class has been studying Our American

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Indians, and, believe me, this teacher's heart, her brain, her viscera, have been interred at Wounded Knee, R I P. Custer's last stand comes out a white atrocity. The class discussion has been unconscionably one-sided; the uncritical children are furiously anti-white. When my son rehearsed a few of his lessons, I hesitated, afraid I might traumatize him. "But you're white, too," I said. His eyes bugged. "No, I'm not," he insisted. He held up his arm. "I'm skin color." Great. My son, the Pink Anglo-Saxon Protestant.

Yet, though infrequently, we get our innings in too. The teacher's own son comes over now and then. One glance at the few war toys in our unliberated house and, wow—all of a sudden he's Lieutenant Calley. Bang-bang, you're dead. Banzai! The effect of repression on childish energies becomes rather starkly apparent. War has the fascination of a sexual taboo for him. My own son tends to take war for granted. Which is the way it must be taken, ask Moshe Dayan.

But the trend is obvious. No one dares publicly suggest that the American Armed Forces have a noble history, a genuine and valid purpose. That peace comes through strength. GI Joe surfaces as a soldier of fortune. Is it any wonder the Army has become demoralized? □

THEATER

W. I. SCOBIE

England in Los Angeles

In a monastery by the Ganges, a tense, tortured, puritanical young T. E. Lawrence-type, of the kind produced only at the best British schools, is at the end of a spiritual pilgrimage: He is about to take sannyas, his final vows, and become a Hindu monk. But has Oliver punished himself enough? Shouldn't there be some extra, ultimate test? Why, yes! He could let his meddlesome, flamboyant, homosexual brother Patrick in on the secret, and discover whether the newly won Vedantic faith can tolerate exposure to his past.

Patrick the satyr arrives hot-foot from Los Angeles, where he has been making movies and copulating in the foam of Californian beaches. He quickly stirs up an emotional storm. But Oliver, too, knows a few psychological tricks. With aggressive humility, he gives plump Patrick the Vedantic works, until the "enlightened" liberal mocker begins to be uncomfortably aware of the dissatisfactions that plague us all in the brave old world of materialism. Who will win? Will Olly find God? Will God, instead, zap Patrick into a state of grace?

Such are the basic elements of Christopher Isherwood's brilliant, quizzical new play, *A Meeting by the River*, which he calls "a religious comedy." It is a confrontation piece: East meets West, moralist meets immoralist, the world and its indulgences encounter the spirit and all the disciplines essential to the search for God. In the end, neither side actually "wins"; but both are subtly changed and enhanced by their meeting.

This is Mr. Isherwood's first original play since his famous Thirties collaborations with W. H. Auden, and it is an excellent one. He has produced a comedy of gay, quasi-Mozartian surfaces, beneath which lies a passionate questioning of some no less passionately held Western values. I shall be surprised if this, like other new plays mounted by the Centre Theater Group of Los Angeles in the "New Theater for Now" series since 1967, does not go on to greater success in London and New York.

It has been a season of British offerings in the L.A. theater, but few, alas, have approached Isherwood's interest. GBS, that old grouch, once rumbled that "all actors are idiots, all directors impostors . . . unless you tell them what to do and at the same time persuade them that they have thought of it all themselves, nothing will be done properly"; and after seeing what Dr. Jonathan Miller has done to *Richard II*, you know he has a point. This is, I suppose, a traditionalist rather than a trendy view of Shakespeare, but Miller is not a man to leave well enough alone. He must tinker and snip and impose his prejudices about power politics and robber barons on this first of the bard's great tragedies. What we see while the emoting proceeds is not very inviting, either: H. R. Poindexter's spartan set consists of ramped, scooped-out boards resembling a giant wooden spoon (say Ah!, audience, and swallow Dr. Miller's cultural tonic, only $6.50 a dose) on which everybody stands about in picturesque groupings as if at the Hollywood Wax Museum. The acting, when not simply dull, is fustian in a Buster Crabbe-serial sort of way; and only Richard Chamberlain is consistently watchable. In fact, he saves the production from total disaster, speaking the verse eloquently, moving with grace and sureness and only at the end getting rather too carried away; passion, not hysterics, is called for here. A very fine actor, Mr. Chamberlain; and not helped a bit by Dr. Miller's final tableau, in which the murdered king, held improbably upside down and topless, is exposed to the audience after the style of *Jesus Christ Superstar*.

Large chunks have been axed from *Richard II*, presumably to help it conform to Miller's vision, and this has the virtue of sending us home early to bed; whereas Edward Parone, in his updated pastiche of *Volpone, or The Fox*, has added song and dance, contemporary jokes, lines from Shakespeare and other, less identifiable material, which all makes for a rather long evening. But quite an enjoyable one. Several West Coast critics complained loud and long over this "rape" of a great classical author; but these Elizabethans are stout fellows. Jonson is ever available in pristine form for purists. And Mr. Parone gave fair warning that this was to be an "uninhibited adaptation" of the sinister old masterpiece.

If this was rape, at least the rapists enjoyed it: Actors rush about the stage as if in a French farce. The whole excitable business has been transferred from Venice to the San Francisco of the 1870s, a city populated exclusively by citizens with five-syllable Italian names. Characters have been reworked and rechristened. Jokes have been inserted about corrupt politicians and elections. The three wealthy merchants whom Volpone is attempting to trick

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D. Keith Mano's *articles have appeared in* Esquire, New York, *the* New York Times Book Review *and* NR. *He has just finished his sixth novel, which he describes as "pro-pollution." Mr. Mano lives with his wife and two children in Blooming Grove, N.Y., and plays softball. . . .* **W. I. Scobie** *is West Coast correspondent for the* Observer *(London). . . .* **C. H. Simonds** *is almost thirty.*

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into surrendering their money and their wives have become American robber barons (again!). The scalpel of satire is badly blunted by all these goings-on, but the pace is fast, the fun furious; and we do not have many purists in California to be offended. □

DANCE

RUTH BERENSON

Royal Return

Since 1949, New York dance fans have welcomed the almost yearly visits of England's Royal Ballet with a cordiality verging on frenzy, and this spring's season was no exception. Neither our own New York City Ballet nor the Washington-based American Ballet Theater, beloved though they are, ever seem quite so glamorous. You could tell by the elaborate evening gowns, jewels and hair-dos (which made the intermissions almost as much of a spectacle as the performances) that the audiences felt they were in for something special—and they weren't disappointed. Almost no one (other than the select few who follow ballet politics with the fervor of Sovietologists assessing a May Day lineup) seemed to care that the new director, Kenneth MacMillan, was, until the final week, conspicuous by his absence, or that Clive Barnes, the *New York Times*' stage *arbiter maximus*, put his mark of disapproval on virtually every new (i.e., MacMillan) production except *Dances at a Gathering*, the masterpiece created two years ago by the American choreographer Jerome Robbins for the New York City Ballet and restaged for the Royal by its author. It was enough that the Royal was back, that those delectable concoctions of color and grace and romance —*Swan Lake*, *Giselle* etc.—were on view once again.

What gives the Royal Ballet its special cachet, at least over here, is its very regality: Its sets are enchanted palaces, its costumes, marvels of velvet, gold and satin—and its stars, Rudolf Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn, are the embodiment of fairy-tale royalty. This year it was apparent, even to noncognoscenti, that Fonteyn at the age of 52 was not quite up to her earlier standards and that Nureyev, at least at the season's beginning, seemed a bit muscle-bound—but whether dancing together or separately, their magic still worked. (At the final performance of *Sleeping Beauty* they were applauded for 58 solid minutes, surely some sort of a record.)

If Fonteyn and Nureyev continue to reign undisputed over the company, there are any number of princes and princesses waiting for their abdication. Already the pairing of Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle* has become the stuff of legend: They are simply made for each other, like Pelléas and Mélisande or Tristan and Isolde. Miss Sibley was unfortunately disabled in mid-season, but this gave New Yorkers a chance to see such other, equally gifted, ballerinas as Merle Park at the head of the line as heiress apparent to Dame Margot; Monica Mason, whose passionate performance in the MacMillan version of the *Sacre du Printemps* transcended the awful tie-dyed costumes and cellophane wigs; and Lynn Seymour, a great dramatic dancer who infused such time-hallowed roles as Juliet and Giselle with new beauty and pathos and even managed to make something out of the confused choreography of MacMillan's ill-conceived *Anastasia*.

But great women dancers are, when all is said and done, only to be expected from a company with the Royal's reputation, and they do not outshine the stars of either Ballet Theater or the City Ballet. However, when it comes to male dancers, let's face it: The Royal's male corps de ballet has it all over any American company, especially in ensemble work, and the stars, quite aside from Nureyev—Anthony Dowell, Michael Coleman, Donald MacLeary, the young David Wall (who is well on his way to becoming one of the great *danseurs nobles* of our time)—are worthy rivals to our own Jacques d'Amboise and Edward Villella. Their contribution to *Dances at a Gathering*, along with Nureyev's, gave it an electrical quality which is somehow missing in the City Ballet's rendering, beautiful as it is.

The full-length classical ballets, with their pageantry, color and opportunity for virtuoso performances, show the Royal at its best. Valuable too, is the company's self-assumed role as guardian of traditional choreographies which might otherwise be lost: Nureyev's brilliant restagings of *Raymonda* and *La Bayadère*, both after Petipa, are only two examples—and, at least to this observer, Nureyev's *Raymonda* is stronger and more choreographically varied than Balanchine's *Raymonda Variations* as danced by the City Ballet. On the other hand, the Royal dancers seem ill at ease in the modern idiom. *Field Figures*, for instance, specially commissioned from the American choreographer Glen Tetley misfired and seemed understood neither by the dancers nor the audience.

It might have been thought that nothing could stir ballet lovers more than the Royal—but the New York City Ballet's week-long Stravinsky Festival, only a fortnight after the Royal's departure, provoked an even greater outpouring of ecstasy from critics and public. Ostensibly in honor of what would have been the composer's ninetieth birthday, it was much more: the celebration of a creative partnership—that of Igor Stravinsky and George Balanchine—which lasted nearly a quarter-century and has no parallel elsewhere in the arts.

Many fans had been murmuring that Balanchine was beginning to lose his touch, for he has produced nothing notable since 1967's *Jewels*. But the festival not only set these doubts to rest (nine new ballets premiered in less

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than a week, plus several revivals), it re-established the 68-year-old Balanchine as today's master choreographer, notwithstanding all the new talents with which the dance world seems to burgeon. He has no peer unless it is Jerome Robbins, who also participated, presenting four new works of which the last, *Requiem Canticles* set to Stravinsky's last big opus, bids fair to rank with the aforementioned *Dances at a Gathering* for sheer inventiveness. In addition, he and Balanchine, in a special, never-to-be-repeated treat, appeared together in a new version of *Pulcinella* devised by the two of them. For balletomanes, it was *the* week. It is safe to predict that it will become a legend, like Nijinski in the *Spectre de la Rose*, and Pavlova as the "Dying Swan"—something, in short, for the ages. □

FOR NOW

C. H. SIMONDS

Wowing 'em at Carnegie Hall

Rock music, land sakes' alive, in Carnegie Hall; red-plushed, carpeted, chandeliered Carnegie Hall, where dead great musicians frown down from rows and rows of pictures: so run the twitters nowadays, here and there in the public prints. Why not—and so what? It's been going on, actually, a long time—since 1964 when the Beatles, those tweakers of ah but doters on the Establishment, chose Carnegie for their first appearance in the United States. Or, *mutatis mutandis*, since nineteen-fifty-something, when the fellow-traveling Weavers sang *folk music* in Carnegie Hall, or 1938 when Benny Goodman played *jazz* in Carnegie Hall.

The rock audiences behave well enough—they shrug when an insufficiently concealed bottle of Ripple Red is confiscated at the gate, and when the Establishment waves its flashlights, they stomp out their joints. (The Carnegie management has hit upon an ingenious way of keeping order: They employ, in addition to the usual rent-a-cops, large numbers of middle-aged Negroes in quiet suits, and white liberal guilt does the rest.)

Behave well enough for Carnegie Hall, that is; not well enough for me. It's okay to scream, leap and gyrate at unconcerts by the likes of Grand Funk or the Rolling Stones, but when serious music is under way I wish the house would sit the hell down and shut the hell up. I don't pay $6.50 to get a close-up view of Irving from Great Neck wiggling his ass.

At the New Riders of the Purple Sage, who do interesting things worth listening to. In case you tuned in late, the New Riders spun off from the Grateful Dead after Jerry Garcia started messing around with the electric steel pedal guitar (the device that makes those heartbreaking twaaaannnnngs familiar to lovers of country music). A quasi-country band coalesced, traveled with the Dead, warmed up audiences for them, and soon became one of the hot centers of the "country-rock" fad that the Byrds had started.

Now, the New Riders' music wasn't, at first, everybody's pail of blueberries. They did love-laments, badman ballads, an occasional upbeat la-la; the closest they came to the public passions of the moment was a couple of ventures into ecoprotest. More important, most of their music was demanding: There was more to it than the bang-bang-bang-wail of straight rock, more than the jingle-jangle and sugary close harmony of straight jukebox country. Their lead singer (and songwriter), John "Marmaduke" Dawson, was sui generis, betwixt and between. The sensibility behind the music, too, was refreshingly complex, in the best of their songs going beyond rock's libidinous rage and country's pat sentimentalism. In "Dirty Business," for instance, for their first album (Columbia C-30888), they took stock characters—a grim marshal, angry miners, tight-lipped bosses—and put them in a special landscape of sun, dust and foreboding that was strictly New Riders territory.

In their second (and latest) album *Powerglide* (Columbia KC-31284), there are some nice moments, but I detect a falling away. They do a standard country song, "Dim Lights, Thick Smoke and Loud, Loud Music"—just that way, standard, bringing nothing new to it, simply (I suppose) establishing their credentials. And the songs of their own seem more pat, more routinely done, than a while back. "Contract," a weary-cowpoke item about a hired killer, might almost as easily have been served up by Johnny Cash. "Duncan and Brady," a badman song about a sheriff gone sour, is good enough—but compared with "Dirty Business" it's pretty pale, relying not on inventive guitar work but on devices like rinky-tink piano (excellently done by the Stones' Nicky Hopkins) and a lot of mean-Vaseline smeared on Marmaduke's larynx.

WHAT HAPPENED? For one thing, Garcia no longer being available, the New Riders acquired a steel pedal man of their own, Buddy Cage (of Ian and Sylvia's short-lived Great Speckled Bird). Cage is a little too much the virtuoso: His work is flashy, lacking the control and taste of Garcia's (on, for instance, "Last Lonely Eagle" on the first album). I suspect Garcia, though technically only a sitter-in, provided the informing sensibility of the early New Riders.

Much more disastrous, however, the New Riders acquired a Following. A lot of young folks, weary of the same old stuff, found steel pedal guitars, mandolins and close harmony pretty groovy. And there was the rediscovery of sentimentalism—*Love Story* and all that; the gush of nostalgia for Fifties rock-and-roll; the New Simplicity. Followings are made up of Fans, and Fans are by nature uncritical so long as they are kept amused. Thus it was that at Carnegie Hall I saw the New Riders positively *adored* for turning in a competent performance of their old songs noisied up, new material of ever-so-slightly inferior quality, and, yes, Fifties Favorites.

Those were the biggest crowd-pleasers; every Irving in the place shook it, and every doxy howled. The Riders don't hoke it, they play it straight. On *Powerglide* they do Valerie Simpson's "Don't Need No Doctor" and Johnny Otis' unforgettable "Willie and the Hand Jive" just fine. They have fun, they are respectful but not (thank God) *reverent*—but, as with "Dim Lights," they don't bring much new to the music.

Bill Graham claimed one of the reasons he closed the Fillmores was uncritical audiences who, caught up in the business of being Fans, will holler for more regardless of the quality, or lack of it, of the music. He might have added that many artists are too willing to cooperate. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 827)

Has creeping liberalism invaded NATIONAL REVIEW? The key to conservative policy in family size and population growth is not moderation, but freedom from government interference. Malthus may seem relevant to William Petersen; to a true Christian conservative he is anathema.

Amityville, N.Y. NILS A. DE VREESE

Media Watch

It was with great interest that I read Priscilla Buckley's "Drygulched at Channel 13" [June 9], since it dealt with something that has bugged me for a long time: the bias of the media.

Since I have a large family (ten) I am kept pretty busy at home. To while away those long hours at the ironing board etc., I keep my radio turned to station WOR, a nice respectable, capitalist enterprise of long standing. If you are interested in getting the "liberal" viewpoint, I would suggest you tune in particularly to Martha Dean, Arlene Francis, John Wingate and, to some extent, Barry Farber. Miss Francis' producer is Jean Bach, a very wordy lady who genuinely feels that anyone who writes in to dispute any of the pronouncements made on the show are kooky types who keep large supplies of armaments in their basements.

A regular listener to Miss Francis' show in particular, but many of the others also, is constantly (and subtly) led to the following conclusions:

Abortion is good. The FBI is bad.

Women's Lib is good. The Vietnam war is bad.

The Attica rioters are good. Ky and Thieu are bad.

George McGovern is good. Prison guards are bad.

The IRA is good. Richard Nixon is bad, bad, bad.

Daniel Berrigan is good. Cardinal Cooke is bad.

The "new" Catholics are good. The "old" Catholics are bad.

No Catholic is really very bright, but at least those swingin' nuns are better than those singin' nuns.

New York, N.Y. ELSIE MCGREGOR

Vietnam Victory?

Although NATIONAL REVIEW's conviction that all is now lost in Vietnam seems to have weakened somewhat as the weeks have gone by I still feel that your assessment is wide of the mark. What bothers me as much as anything is that you seem to be departing from military principles with which I know you are conversant, perhaps in the rush of feeling evoked by the Nixon world strategy. I share your concern over the latter but feel that if there is one matter Nixon has handled well it is Vietnam.

You seem to be placing too much emphasis on North Vietnamese intentions when you know full well that what really counts in military affairs is capability. James Burnham writes in "No Substitute for Defeat" [June 9]: "If, therefore, Hanoi judges the military situation still favorable it will go for what it wants; otherwise it will settle for what it needs." Hanoi, in my opinion, will have the choice of neither. Isolated from Russian and Chinese supplies Hanoi does not have the power to force its will upon the South, with or without U.S. presence. You are greatly underestimating the South. Visitors to Hanoi consistently remark on the carefree attitude of the North Vietnamese in the face of the bombing and salute their courage; yet the very same happy-go-lucky behavior in the South is taken as evidence of weakness, as a lack of the will to fight. It is not weakness but the same resiliency found in their brothers in the North. When properly led the South Vietnamese fight well, by all accounts. The North Vietnamese have begun a number of local retreats. Having thrown all their combat divisions into the fray, they have nothing on which to fall back, and once the retreat becomes general the line of combat may well end up in southern North Vietnam. How will Nixon's peace offer look then? Like defeat? I think not. You must not take the peace offer out of the general context. The point is Hanoi simply will not possess the capability to do the things you fear. Russia will be content to establish a Korea-style solution in return for advancing her own interests as she sees them, just as in 1954 she traded a settlement in Vietnam for France's withdrawal from the EDC, all under the threat of American bombing. What is disturbing is what it is that Russia sees as so advantageous to herself in the current trade.

"Vietnam: Mid-Passage Notes" ["The Week," June 9] is I think more to the point than the Burnham column, but it suggests that Giap began his offensive late and excessively dispersed his forces. On the contrary I think he started too early and, learning nothing from his previous defeats, excessively concentrated his troops. Giap is often written up as a military giant. I submit that historians will find him a military boob. He knows trench warfare, camouflage, artillery and the guerrilla hit-and-run tactics. All this would stand him well if this were 1850. But imprisoned by his Maoist chains he continually leads massed troops into slaughter against tremendously destructive firepower. Giap should have waited until the U.S. was gone. The timing of this offensive, allowing as it did for Nixon to resume full-scale bombing and isolate Hanoi from Russia and China, will likely go down as the greatest blunder in the war. I simply do not see how we could have asked for a better situation, barring outright North Vietnamese surrender.

STEVEN C. SCHUELLER M.D.

Anchorage, Alaska

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MEILAENDER
(Continued from page 850)

enbacker appears to assume when he summons it in support of his argument. He may well be tending to think of religious beliefs as something altogether private and having little effect on community life. However, as soon as one thinks that men ought to live in a certain way (as opposed to expressing a mere personal preference with regard to his own lifestyle), he may be moved to seek ways and means to get them to live that way. This does not mean he would necessarily find coercion a suitable means, but it cannot be ruled out a priori. It could be ruled out only if, on other grounds, he believes that liberty is also to be highly valued. Then he would be faced with the difficulty of striking a balance between several goods, each highly valued.

That the language of persuasion is always as useful as Mr. Rickenbacker imagines is just as doubtful as that this was the language always used by Christ. At any rate, large segments of Christendom have for some time distinguished between law and gospel as means of motivating men. And though only the latter is said to suffice for salvation, the former is by no means despised for political purposes. That fear of authority rather than grounds of conscience may be an inferior motive is perhaps correct. That does not alter the fact that it may be a useful means for achieving what is needed in society. What we need for society to work is not necessarily men of pure motive, but men who, for whatever reason, are willing to live and let live. If law will accomplish that, it is a point in law's favor. If not, Mr. Rickenbacker has scored a point. The question ultimately is whether by following Mr. Rickenbacker's advice the country would be a gainer, or whether we might not be wise to listen a bit to Dr. Johnson. Conservatives do not ordinarily busy themselves with plans for the best of all possible worlds. But they do concern themselves with the best way to live in the world we have. To that end we must ask of Mr. Rickenbacker's proposals not only whether they are intriguing but also: Are the proposals a valid expression of a conservative viewpoint? In deciding, we cannot look only at his answers. The arguments are important too. And at that point we may perhaps be forgiven for wondering whether Dr. Johnson has not gotten the better of the argument. □

KILPATRICK
(Continued from page 843)

Meany, in private, has spoken of McGovern with cold contempt.

McGovern has other liabilities. His greatest asset is that air of absolute honesty, absolute virtue, absolute candor. Already that capital is oozing away. He once sponsored the bill of the National Welfare Rights Council, proposing a $6,500 minimum payment for a family of four, but when the heat got hot he backed away: The bill was only "by request." In January he indicated his support for a "fair share" plan by which every person, regardless of his income, would receive a payment of $1,000 annually. When the arithmetic got sticky, he came unglued: The $1,000 figure was merely hypothetical, by way of example. He suggested in Boston that one approach to marijuana would lie in treating the weed as alcohol; but when this produced headlines, "McGovern Urges Legalization of Pot," he scrambled to a safer position. If there was one issue on which he had seemed unequivocal, it was the withdrawal of American forces from Southeast Asia; repeatedly he spoke of his determination in terms of lock, stock and barrel. But in Miami, wooing the wives of our prisoners of war, he embraced the idea of a residual "military capability"—air and sea units—to be kept in Thailand and the Bay of Tonkin until the prisoners were released. It was this waffle that provoked the boarding action at the Doral.

Still more: McGovern, unless I err badly, has gravely misjudged the busing issue. George Wallace, in one of the Convention's few dramatic moments, tried to warn him, but the warning did not stick. McGovern is solidly on record in favor of busing children to attain racial balance in the schools—he calls it "quality education"—and come September, when classes resume, he will find himself at odds with several million passionate parents. McGovern, I believe, also has misjudged the welfare issue. There is enormous hostility in the land, especially among working people, to the concept of simply giving their money away to persons unwilling to work. On a third point, he may have misjudged the prevailing mood on national defense. Part of this mood may be rooted in sheer self-interest—the closing of bases, the cutbacks in arms production; but another part stems from a complicated sense of pride, patriotism, and apprehension.

One final point. My own gut feeling, for whatever it may be worth, is that the country desperately longs for a quiet time of coming together. The correspondent who travels ten thousand miles a month, pursuing the campaign trail, finds everywhere a weariness, everywhere a hope. The people are weary of this war; they are weary of the tax burden; they are weary of racial tensions; they are fed up with incessant conflicts between us and them. Their inarticulate hope, at home and abroad, is for a few of those blank pages in history that record the happiest hours of man. Their ill-defined hunger is to dismantle the fences, and to let the hibiscus remain. The party that best reads this mood, and offers the most believable program for fulfilling it, will win in November. Neither party offers a sure bet now. □

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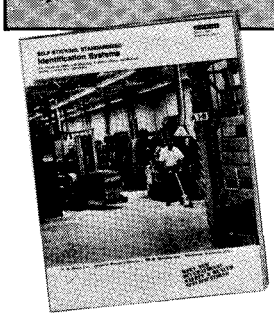

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The New Religion

On The Right

Miami Beach, July 11—There are those who say that the politics of George McGovern is a new politics based on great shifts in ideological sentiment. Professor Galbraith, using to be sure a kind of shorthand, says that the new issues are 1) global Communism, 2) the redistribution of wealth, and 3) economic growth. Concerning which the Democratic avant garde believes 1) that we have done quite enough of containment, 2) that we should have more of it; and 3) that it isn't a cure to all human problems.

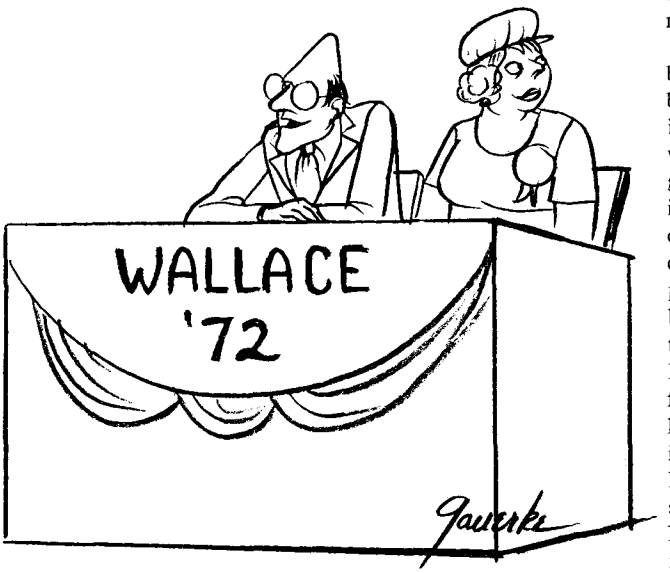
But there is something else in the McGovern Spirit, and it is quite countable here in Miami. It is the sense of absolute, total self-righteousness. It is manifestly intolerant of different opinions, and disposed, toward those who hold them, to dismiss them as cretins. It was worth noting, for instance, the attitude of typical young McGovernites toward Hubert Humphrey. They hate him.

It seems an odd word to use but it is something like the appropriate word. They feel an utter contempt for him. I attempted to probe this attitude, in talking with a young delegate who is highly placed in the youth-McGovern hierarchy, and I said to him: Why are you so very much opposed to Humphrey? After all, his ideological rating, as handed down by the Americans for Democratic Action on the basis of his lifelong record, is 97, which is higher even than McGovern's ninety-three. Ahh—said the young man quick-wittedly—but the record in question was earned during the period that Senator Humphrey was a senator, mostly before he took the Vice Presidency in 1964. We hate him for the positions he took while he was Vice President.

THIS OF COURSE has to mean the position that Humphrey took on the Vietnam war, since on all domestic matters, Lyndon Johnson was an exemplary liberal. So I said, but isn't it to be expected that a Vice President takes the same position as the President? That has been the case since the great disengagement of Vice President Calhoun from President Jackson. Well, said the youth, but the fact of it is that Humphrey took Johnson's positions enthusiastically. Well, I said, Humphrey takes every position enthusiastically—it is his mode. One could hardly stand up before a crowd as Vice President to President Johnson and speak listlessly one's orisons to President Johnson's policies.

No the thing of it is that Hubert Humphrey opposes George McGovern, and in the New Politics that isn't as simple as that Humphrey's emphases are different from McGovern's. What it is—is sacrilege. McGovernism is something of a religion, and the test in the days ahead will be whether the McGovern shock troops can move with sufficient tact.

It will have to be a cultivated tact. It will not, that is to say, come naturally. Because they do not feel it naturally. The young man in question told me that he would desert the Democratic Party rather than back Humphrey, in the event the Convention chose him. Note the interesting failure to mediate the symmetry. The distance between McGovern and Humphrey is no greater than the distance between Humphrey and McGovern. Yet although they expect that Humphrey people will work for McGovern they would not make a commitment the other way around. The reason is quite simple: they are right, the others are wrong. It is to be expected that the heathens will work for the saints if the saints are confirmed. It is not in prospect, failing that, that the saints would turn to the cause of the heathens.



"It always shakes them up a bit seeing a pointy-headed Populist."

Now George McGovern, notwithstanding the great seismic fault in his temperament revealed the week in which the Credentials Committee applied to California the Democratic principles of George McGovern, knows how to be conciliatory. And he is going to have to do a lot of that kind of thing in order to conceal from the mass of Democratic voters the priggishness, the ethical chauvinism, of his followers. It is off-putting to be asked to vote for McGovern as a religious exercise. It is one thing to seduce the Humphrey Democrat by appealing to his party loyalty or to his disapproval of Richard Nixon. It is something else to try to co-opt him into a new religious order. □

HATE THE RICH

Miami Beach, July 12—Scene: BBC studios, at Convention Hall. The British anchorman, Robin Day, is tapping his fingers on the desk. The time is 2:58, and opposite him is an empty chair. At exactly 3:00 P.M. the satellite lodged high in the heavens by the military-industrial complex is scheduled to vouchsafe one of its beams for the purpose of transmitting the thoughts of Professor John Kenneth Galbraith from Convention Hall to the British people. And when a satellite bestows its favors on you, you need to put plenty of nickels into the slot.

3:00 P.M., no Galbraith. 3:15, no Galbraith. Finally he comes in, at 3:22. His trouble was that the security guards wouldn't let him in to the Booth Section of the Hall, because he didn't have the proper pass. That was a little bit like denying Peter the Great access to St. Petersburg. There are few precedents for that kind of thing, though in future years John Kenneth Galbraith, in a sense the father of the McGovern Convention, might wish to have been been spared it, even as M. Guillotine

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must have wished to have been spared access to his invention.

Galbraith, as I say, is probably the principal intellectual patron of the McGovern Convention. He has given his enormous prestige to popularizing the kind of populism that George McGovern has ridden in on. Where else, except in Galbraith, can you find someone who is at once president of the American Economics Association, past president of the Americans for Democratic Action, author of the best-known economic treatises since John Maynard Keynes', and principal dispenser of the kind of snake oil they have been drinking here in Miami Beach?

The principal domestic enthusiasm here is Redistribution. And Professor Galbraith touches on the subject, in an article in the current *Saturday Review* called "The Case for George McGovern." Mr. Galbraith takes great pains to dissipate the miasma that hovers droopily over all McGovern campfire meetings. It is the slogan: "McGovern is the Democratic Goldwater." Galbraith spots that as very dangerous to Democratic morale, so he proceeds to explain the principal differences between McGovern and Goldwater. "Goldwater was urging change in favor of the few and the rich. It was Barry Goldwater's romantic thought that the poor wanted more done for the rich, less for themselves. He wanted more freedom, which, generally speaking, meant freedom for the privileged to expand their preferred form of plunder. He is a nice man who brought a marked passion to his program for enriching the rich."

NOW NEVER mind that that account of Goldwater's candidacy is preposterous, however amusing. It is even internally contradictory, since if enhancing the rich was the principal meaning of the campaign, it is hard to understand how come Goldwater got 27 million people to vote for him, unless there are a lot more rich people in America than is generally supposed. More likely, they understood themselves to be voting for a principled man who believes the government ought to get to work and do what it's supposed to do better than it's been doing (curbing crime, providing for the national defense), and get its cotton-picking hands off what is no business of government (telling your children where to go to school and why, subsidizing everything from illegitimacy to ballet). But the myths are comfortable, unlike the demagogues and the college professors, and here is how they sound when they are written into campaign platforms . . .

"Deconcentrate"—says the Democratic draft platform—"shared monopolies such as auto, steel and tire industries which administer prices, create unemployment through restricted output and stifle technological innovation." That passage precedes the usual stuff about the rich, and it is breathtaking in its effrontery, describing as it does the immunized practices of the large labor unions, protected in their monopolies by sweetheart laws not one of which has caught the critical eye of George McGovern—or his mentor, John Kenneth Galbraith. It is so much easier to sit back and talk about taking it from the rich who, by the way, are defined by the working of McGovern economics, as anybody who earns $12,000 per year.

It is strange that, in Miami Beach, they talk about "new" and "progressive" policies. Professor Galbraith's discovering of redistribution as a campaign issue comes some time after the discovery of it in Athens by hoi polloi, and the rediscovery of it at quite inexhaustible length by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. It is very very old hat, and one regrets the reactionary influence from Professor Galbraith on the McGovern Convention. □

AFTER THE BALL

Coming Home, July 14—pursuant to Senator McGovern's instructions. It is a very good feeling, coming home. The mood in Miami, at the McGovern Convention, was elated. These are the happy people, and it is obvious why. Jimmy the Greek, who is the actuarial Delphos in America, was brought down and interviewed on network TV, and he said that he had put the odds against McGovern's nomination, as recently as last December, at 50 to 1.

Now McGovern is nominated, and Jimmy the Greek shifts gears and puts the odds against McGovern's election at 4 to 1. Jimmy has traveled a long distance, and the McGovernites at Miami, a harmonic arrangement of kids, intellectuals and ethnics, are as confident as the early Christians. Chiliasm is in the air, and He is George McGovern, whose incarnation will be effected by the voters in November. Then, to quote from the peroration in McGovern's acceptance speech, America will have "come home."

I do not know whether George McGovern will be elected President. I do know that the McGovern Convention was an ideological joyride. And—no matter what happens in November—the moment of rapture will not turn to bitterness. George McGovern, in an incautious public flirtation with megalomania, spoke of his nomination as a "sweet harvest." Thus it will remain in the memory, win or lose.

However, the legions intend to win. They hope to reify George McGovern's dream. They are the political alchemists, who will transform hatred into love, poverty into plenty, the Soviet Union into Switzerland. One finds oneself hoping, less that Nixon will win because it is important for the safety of the Republic that he should do so, than that he should win in order to spare the young McGovernites a direct experience with power.

When John Lindsay made his victory speech, back in 1965, he told his followers that he would transform New York into the empire city, and he might as well have shot them all with a double-jolt of morphine, so transported were they by the vision of it all. Yesterday, seven years later, the cameras did not trouble to focus on John Lindsay, sitting there unnoticed in the shadows that closed down on that rag-tag end of his boulevard of broken dreams. Eugene McCarthy, the bard of spiritual restoration only four years ago, came into Miami unnoticed except by those whose practice it is to notice the unnoticed. So it will be, not necessarily for McGovern himself: but for McGovern's dreams, surely; ineluctably. It is necessarily so for anyone who seeks to do what only God can do.

SPEAKING OF which, the rhetoric of the last hours of the Convention was exalted beyond even conventional idealism. Senator Kennedy said he had been "humbled" by the invitation to run for Vice President. If that is true, surely it will prove to be the most significant achievement of the McGovern Convention. Later, Senator Kennedy addressed the Convention and said that it had returned to the ideal of "John Kennedy, who said ask not what the country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." A breathtaking announcement, uttered before a convention that sometimes seemed to be saying that the most you can do for your country is evade the draft, smoke pot, abort babies, have a homosexual affair, and receive in return for nothing at all, a thousand dollars a year from your fellow citizens.

Senator Eagleton emerged as testimony to Senator McGovern's genius for discovering what nobody else had discovered, and he quickly, and amusingly, recounted the single trauma of his adult life, namely that, having mislaid his credentials upon presenting himself to the Senate after resigning his state job, he found himself, for a period of sixteen minutes during his adult life—off the public payroll.

If McGovernism triumphs, nobody will ever be off the public payroll, not even for a dreadful, reactionary sixteen minutes. Not unless the people's tribunal should happen to toll the dread words: "The great state of Idaho, home of the greatest potatoes in the peaceloving world, casts its 22 votes for taking John Doe off the public payroll." Cheers? When it happens, it will be John Doe *v.* the McGovern Convention. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A sound produced by rain or footsteps — 72 29 43 48 56 77 90 94 106 112 122 169

B. A nation that includes about 3,000 islands — 92 61 144 98 109 24 36 73 142

C. Birthplace of Thomas Carlyle — 108 30 39 105 114 181 126 133 171 183 198

D. A nation that is the victim of a double standard when it sells chrome — 115 44 120 25 84 111 145 17

E. Where automobile passengers were exposed to the elements (not running boards) — 151 20 85 158 137 165 204 206 15 22

F. An inhabitant of ancient Etruria — 159 131 194 67 146 211 38 187

G. An explosive device used against submarines — 166 4 76 170 91 103 113 7 189 42 45

H. A town and county in Illinois — 172 28 167 100 41 87 134 63 155

I. Knocked down — 27 99 19 52 62 70 83

J. A city in Alabama (English form for a city in Italy) — 53 143 168 88 10 175 147 51

K. A university in the Middle West — 180 196 102 136 119 12 156 54 65

L. A city in Rhode Island — 184 78 1 125 138 209 68

M. Where the Persians defeated the Spartans, 480 B. C. — 191 3 116 50 59 86 97 157 163 11 14

N. A reaction in which two or more substances combine to form another compound (chemistry) — 197 205 13 117 212 164 148 135

O. An island in the Aegean Sea — 40 64 89 6 26 160

P. What a tax paid in small amounts is called — 215 31 186 118 104 95 93 80

Q. He delivered an address at Gettysburg — 2 149 176 201 193 74 195

R. A town in Bedfordshire, England — 79 55 150 177 199 124 107 69

S. A town in Mali that is sometimes used to indicate any faraway place — 101 152 121 18 210 185 203 47

T. A northwest borough of London — 123 190 182 162 207 127 153 60 110

U. One of the oldest countries in the world — 132 208 57 178 200 161 202 129

V. Slipped away from — 174 32 49 188 75 96

W. To distress with mental or bodily pain — 5 37 46 16 213 141 33

X. A kind of alcohol, used as a rubefacient and antiseptic — 9 58 66 173 34 81 139

Y. The femurs — 21 128 140 8 192 154

Z. Having the highest temperature — 23 214 179 130 35 71 82

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 864 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 L	2 Q		3 M	4 G	5 W	6 O		7 G		8 Y	9 X	10 J	11 M	12 K		13 N	14 M
15 E	16 W		17 D	18 S	19 I	20 E	21 Y		22 E	23 Z	24 B		25 D	26 O	27 I	28 H	29 A	30 C	31 P
32 V	33 W	34 X	35 Z	36 B		37 W	38 F	39 C	40 O	41 H	42 G		43 A	44 D	45 G		46 W	47 S	48 A
49 V	50 M	51 J		52 I	53 J		54 K	55 R	56 A		57 U	58 X	59 M	60 T	61 B		62 I	63 H	64 O
65 K		66 X	67 F	68 L		69 R	70 I	71 Z	72 A	73 B	74 Q	75 V		76 G	77 A	78 L	79 R	80 P	81 X
82 Z		83 I	84 D	85 E	86 M	87 H	88 J	89 O	90 A	91 G	92 B	93 P		94 A	95 P	96 V		97 M	98 B
99 I	100H	101S	102K	103G	104P	105C		106A	107R	108C	109B	110T	111D		112A	113G	114C	115D	116M
	117N	118P		119K	120D	121S	122A		123T	124R	125L	126C		127T	128Y	129U	130Z		131F
132U	133C	134H	135N	136K	137E	138L	139X	140Y	141W	142B	143J		144B	145D	146F	147J	148N	149Q	150R
151E	152S	153T	154Y		155H	156K	157M		158E	159F		160Q	161U	162T	163M	164N	165E	166G	
167H	168J	169A		170G	171C	172H		173X	174V	175J	176Q	177R	178U	179Z		180K	181C		182T
183C	184L	185S	186P	187F	188V		189G	190T	191M	192Y	193Q	194F		195Q	196K	197N	198C		199R
200U	201Q		202U	203S	204E		205N	206E	207T	208U	209L	210S	211F	212N	213W	214Z	215P		

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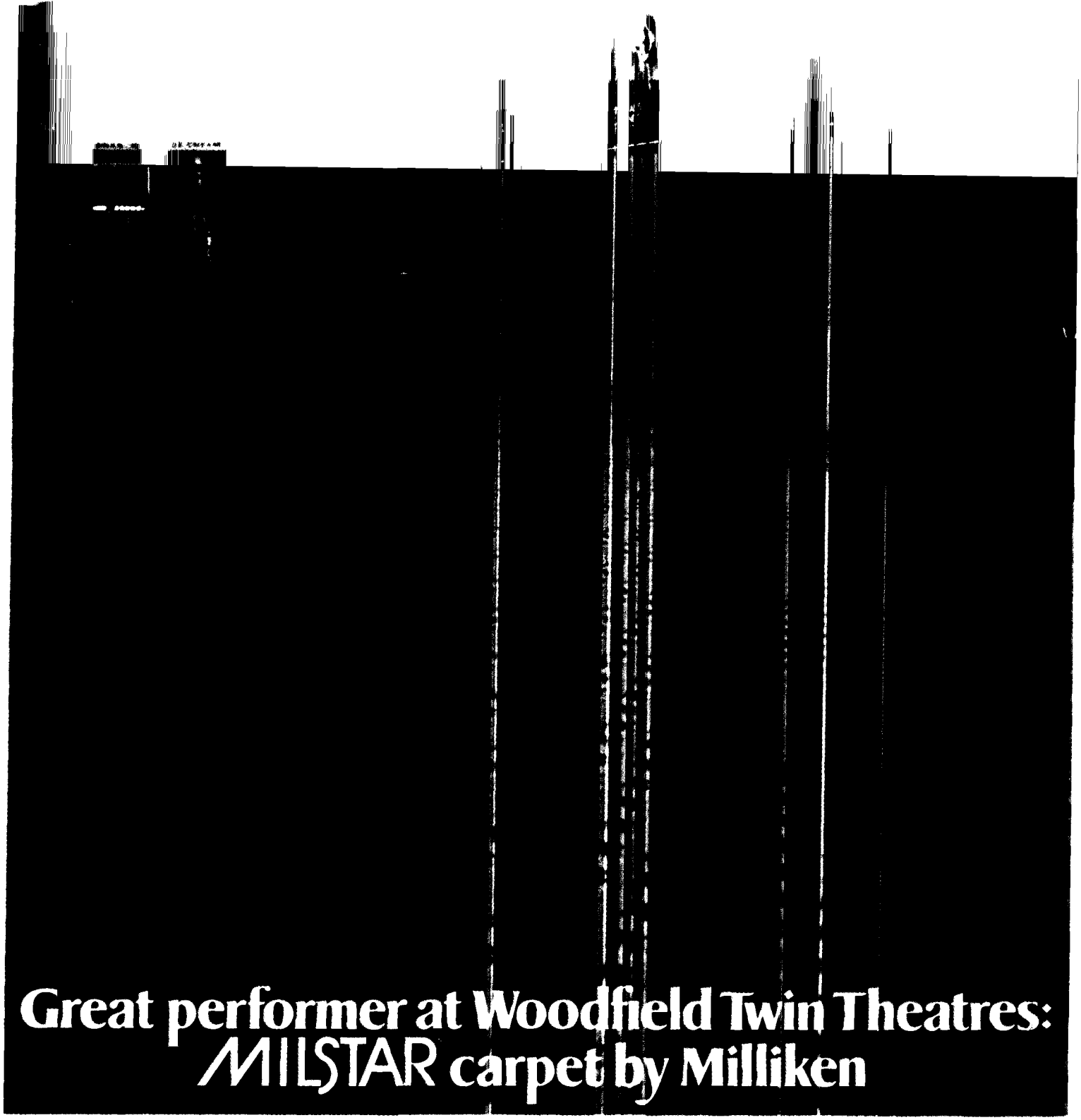

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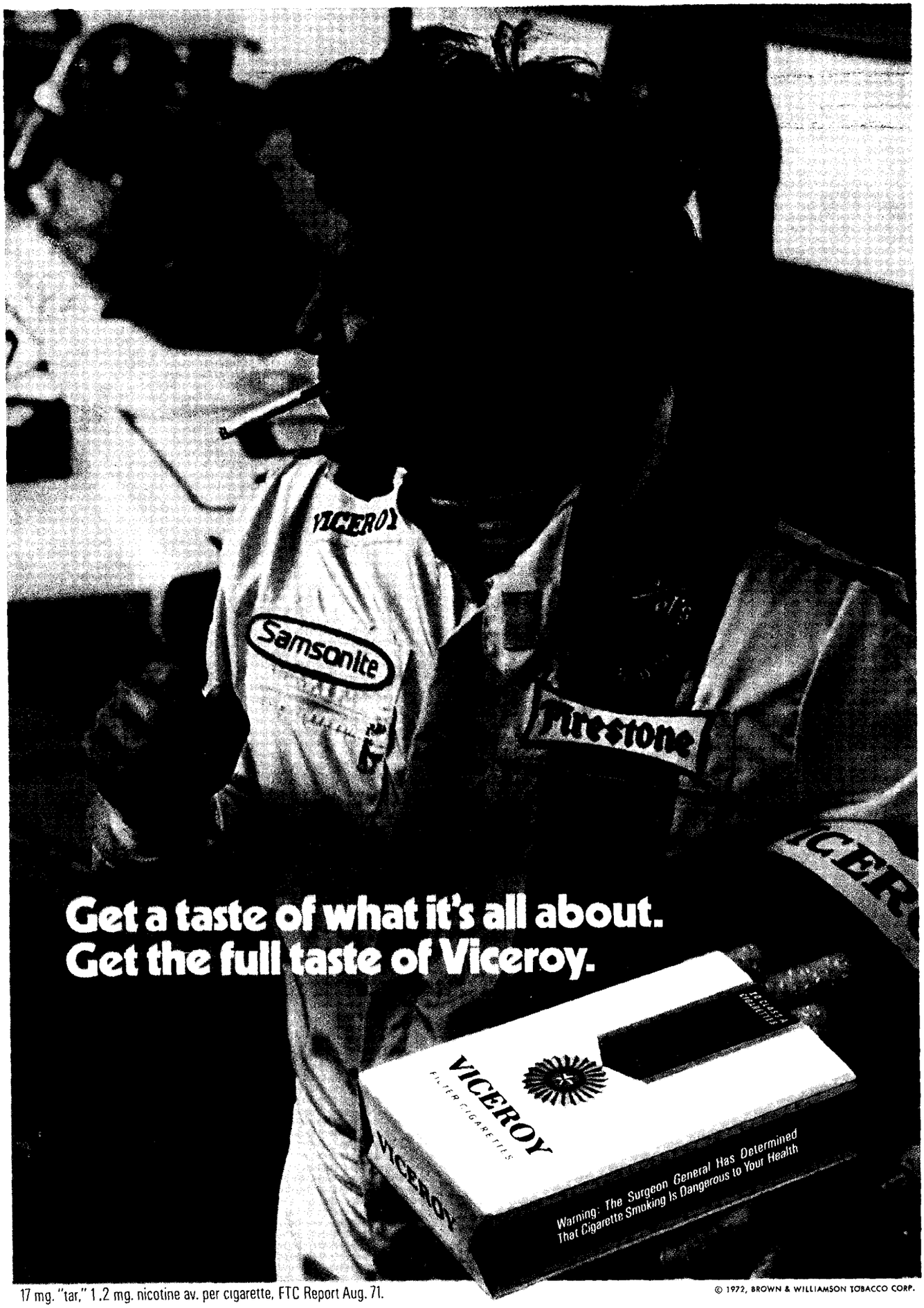
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